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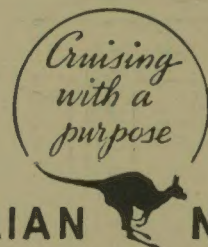
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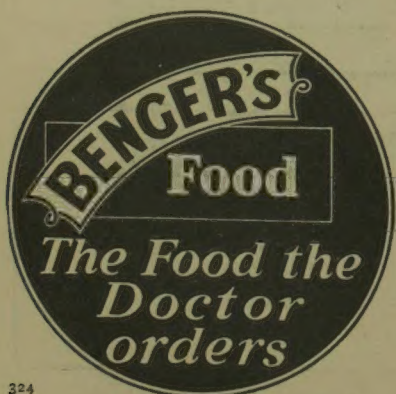


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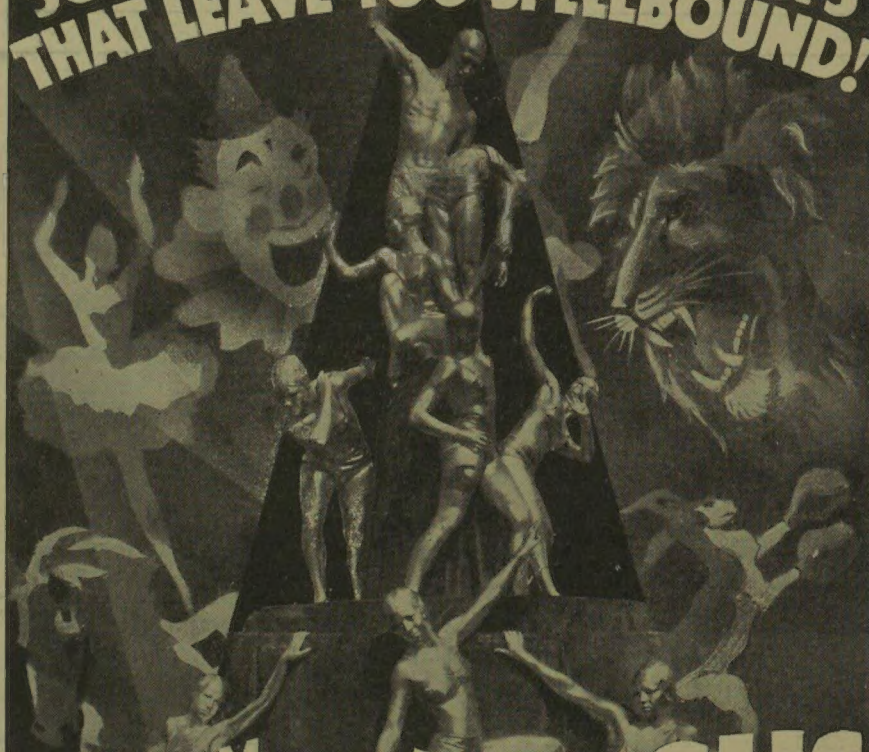
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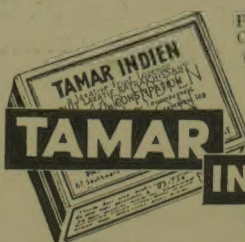
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1933.



**A GEM FROM THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART AT BURLINGTON HOUSE:
"THE HON. JOHN AND THERESA PARKER."—BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, FIRST P.R.A.**

The great Winter Exhibition of British Art is to open at the Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House, next Saturday, January 6, and will continue into early March. The King is lending a large number of pictures from the Royal Collection; and so many wonderful works of art have been

assembled that the Exhibition will be an exceedingly fine one. We devote a number of pages to the Exhibition this week, and shall give a further selection in subsequent issues. This beautiful work, by Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792), is lent by the Earl of Morley.—[COPYRIGHT RESERVED.]

(See also Pages 1067 to 1076.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I WAS lately looking into a new book about Wordsworth which may broadly be described as a defence of Wordsworth. At first sight, it might appear that Wordsworth is hardly a historical person who needs whitewashing. There might almost appear to be too much of such an element about. I mean that in some versions he appears rather too white; and in other versions rather too washy. Indeed, the publisher's note affixed by the Cambridge University Press to the book in question (which is called "The Later Wordsworth"; by Miss Edith C. Batho), seems rather to go to the other extreme. We all know that Wordsworth's youth was the time when he sympathised with the democratic vision of the idealists in Paris; we all know that he had a youthful entanglement in France; and we all know, or most of us think, that this earlier period was the period of his most fruitful and creative poetry. Still, most of us know what we mean when we say that Wordsworth was Wordsworth, and could hardly be mistaken for Byron. In the light of this, there is something a little challenging in a note which says: "His stormy youth offers, at first sight, a striking contrast to the apparent tranquillity of his maturity and age."

The contrast, as stated, seems not only striking, but almost alarming. It hardly seems as if one juvenile love-affair, however improper, was sufficient to turn Wordsworth into a stormy character. And why does the publisher or editor employ that dark and sinister phrase, "the apparent tranquillity of his maturity and age"? Are we to infer that Wordsworth, at the age of seventy or eighty, was still secretly painting the town red, and writing a sonnet on Westminster Bridge at daybreak when he came home with the milk? Can it be insinuated that, even as a Victorian under Queen Victoria, he continued but concealed his orgies? I hasten to say that I am well aware that this cannot be the meaning of the phrase; but the phrase seems to me unluckily selected. Presumably the word "stormy" really refers rather to his exultation in the great political storm; that is, his early sympathy with the French Revolution. Stevenson classed it among the baffling incongruities of genius that Wordsworth wore blue spectacles. We may admit, symbolically speaking, that he did at one time look at revolution through red spectacles; and perhaps at modern political theories through rose-coloured spectacles. But it is clear from this biography, as from any other, that he very rapidly lost that rosy vision, and, with or without the help of spectacles, relapsed quite sufficiently into the blues. The youth, to quote his own words of an even earlier illumination, may by the vision splendid have been on his way attended; but certainly the man perceived it die away and fade into the light of common day. And it is only fair to say that Wordsworth, at his best, could sometimes do more than most people with the light of common day; and even make it, in flashes, like the light that never was on sea or land.

Anyhow, we may submit that this greater Wordsworth would have been easier to present as The Earlier Wordsworth than as The Later Wordsworth. Though Miss Batho writes with considerable spirit in defence of his whole career, especially in the later chapters, it is inevitable that there should be this relative flatness in the later life. The book is bound to consist far too much of mere records of what the old gentleman thought of the politics of his time; which was often pretty much what all the other old gentlemen were thinking of the politics of their time; or rather of a time that was no longer really theirs. She does succeed in showing, however, that he retained

some real popular sympathies and generous social ideas down to the day of his death; as, for instance, that, in a matter like the Ten Hour Bill, the old Tory was on the side of the poor where many Radicals were on the side of the rich. But the chief impression left by her apologia is a curious vein of reflection upon the contradictions and inversions of all that strange period of history that stretches from the French Revolution to the Russian Revolution.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY: LORD BRABOURNE, WITH HIS WIFE, DRIVING IN STATE THROUGH THE CAPITAL OF THE PRESIDENCY.



PRESENTATIONS TO THE NEW GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY UPON HIS ARRIVAL: LORD AND LADY BRABOURNE SHAKING HANDS WITH PROMINENT CITIZENS.

Lord Brabourne was appointed Governor of the Bombay Presidency (as recorded, with portraits of him and Lady Brabourne, in our issue of June 10) in succession to Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes, whose term of office expired this month. On their arrival in Bombay recently, the new Governor and his wife received a very cordial welcome. Lord Brabourne, who was formerly known as the Hon. Michael Knatchbull, succeeded his father this year as 5th Baron and 14th Baronet. He was born in 1895, and in 1919 married Lady Doreen Geraldine Browne, third daughter of the 6th Marquess of Sligo. They have two sons. During the war Lord Brabourne served with the Artillery in Gallipoli, and was afterwards attached to the R.N.A.S., becoming a Brigade Major, R.A.F., in 1918. He was awarded the M.C. From 1931 to 1933 he was M.P. (Conservative) for Ashford, Kent, and in 1932-3 Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for India. Last month Lord Brabourne was made a G.C.I.E.

William Wordsworth does really stand as a representative figure in all that transition; the more because he was charged with changing so much; and yet more again, because he really changed so little.

There is something that is always discovered by men if they live long enough; and Wordsworth lived very long; quite long enough to discover it, though he did not say very much about it. It is something

quite distinct from his reaction against revolution in early middle age; indeed, it is not merely a reaction against revolution; it is quite as much a reaction against reaction. It might be called the fact that the world goes round; as distinct from the fact that the world goes on. It is quite consistent with the admission that, in some respects, the world may go on, or that it does go on. The point is that the young very often mistake for the movement of going on what is, so far, only the movement of going round. Between fourteen and forty, a man sees a great tide coming in and another tide ebbing away; and associates the first with the future and the second with the past. But by the time he is fifty, he has generally begun to realise what is meant by ebb and flow, and by the turn of the tide. He may even happen to be in favour of the tide that is flowing to-day; or he may look forward to the counter-flood that may flow to-morrow; but he does not think that the movement to-morrow is certain to be a mere extension of the movement to-day. Of course, I abjure with horror the heresy that human wills are controlled like tides; I heartily agree that humanity is not forced to go backwards and forwards, any more than it is forced to go forward or to go back. But in practical experience the human being generally does go back. And he goes back for one of the commonest and most practical reasons for going back: because he has left something behind. There is such a thing as social wreck, like the wreck of Robinson Crusoe's ship. There is such a thing as social progress, like the progress of Robinson Crusoe's farm. But where the philosophers are wrong and the romancer is right, and indeed very realistic, is that Robinson Crusoe will have to go back very often to the wreck in order to stock or furnish the farm. When there really is anything like the building of a new civilisation, it means that there has been a great deal of quarrying in the ruins of the old civilisation. When there is only a false start, a half-built farmhouse, a half-baked culture and bankruptcy, it means that the reformers have tried to simplify life too much; they have left behind them all that they wanted most.

It is a proverb that Wordsworth outlived the triumph of his first political ideal. It is less noticed that he also outlived the triumph of his second political ideal. The vision of the Holy Alliance, as seen by Alexander, was quite as Apocalyptic as the vision of the Republic One and Indivisible as seen by Robespierre. Wordsworth, as an Englishman, might call himself a Tory; but English Tories had a good deal to do with discouraging the second as well as the first. Perhaps it would be an exaggeration to say that Pitt killed the Revolution and Canning killed the Reaction. But at least a man learned in time that revolution and reaction alternately kill each other. The world that Wordsworth saw growing around him in his old age was not the world of liberty promised by the Jacobins. It was an urban and suburban world which would have been hated by Wordsworth quite as much as by Shelley. It was full of a crude and Cockney philosophy of competition. Wordsworth lived long enough finally to resent and resist that advancing fashion. If Wordsworth had lived a little longer, he would have seen it as a retreating fashion, as a vanishing fashion. He would have found the flat contrary of competition, Socialism, and even Communism, coming in as the religion of the future. But he would have been wrong again, if he had thought that it was the religion of the future. By this time we have got another religion of the future, exactly the opposite: Fascism, and probably they, none of them, will really live to be the religion of the future at all.

THE 4TH-CENTURY SINAI CODEX: A GREAT BIBLE MS. FOR THE NATION.

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ΕΙΣΤΕΝΟΣ ΚΑΙ Η ΠΑΙΔΙΑ ΟΥ ΑΥΤΗ ΒΑΙΔΑΖΕΙ

THE CODEX SINAITICUS, "ONE OF THE GREATEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD," WHICH THE BRITISH MUSEUM HOPES TO BUY FROM THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT FOR £100,000: A PAGE FROM THE PSALMS.

The Prime Minister announced recently that the British Museum had agreed to buy from the Soviet Government, for £100,000, that celebrated Bible manuscript, the *Codex Sinaiticus*, formerly owned by the Tsar of Russia, and that his Majesty's Government would contribute £1 for every £1 subscribed by the public. The price is a record for a single book or manuscript. Sir Frederic Kenyon, formerly Director of the Museum, writes (in "The Times"): "The *Codex Sinaiticus* is one of the greatest books in the world. It ranks with the *Codex Vaticanus* as one of the two oldest manuscripts of the Greek Bible, being perhaps a century older than the *Codex Alexandrinus*, one of the chief glories of the British Museum. . . . The *Codex Sinaiticus* is a magnificent volume. Its leaves, of fine vellum, measure 15 in. by 13½ in. . . . Palæographers are agreed in assigning its date to the fourth century. . . . since it

has in its margins the section numbers compiled for the Gospels by Eusebius, who died in A.D. 340; and other evidence proves that it cannot be materially later." It was discovered, in 1844, by the German Biblical scholar Tischendorf, in the monastery of St. Catharine at Mount Sinai. He found some of its leaves in a waste-paper basket, destined for the furnace, like others already destroyed. The forty-three leaves first rescued are in Leipzig University Library. After the monks had learned its value, they were loth to let it go, but in 1859 Tischendorf persuaded them to send it to the Tsar, as patron of their Church, in return for gifts worth 9000 roubles. Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the well-known American book-collector, has said that the Soviet Government offered him the MS. for £250,000. The passage here illustrated is part of the 18th Psalm. The MS. is likely to be in London soon.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: OUTSTANDING AND NOTABLE PHASES OF LIFE



MR. E. VINCENT HARRIS, F.R.I.B.A., THE ARCHITECT APPOINTED TO DESIGN THE NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING IN WHITEHALL.

The scheme for the new building was projected in 1914, and out of 187 competing designs submitted that of Mr. Vincent Harris was selected, but owing to the war the work was postponed. He was recently chosen from a panel of about a dozen names submitted by the Royal Institute of British Architects. Although an age limit of fifty-five was fixed, which would just have barred him, the selecting body made an exception in his favour.

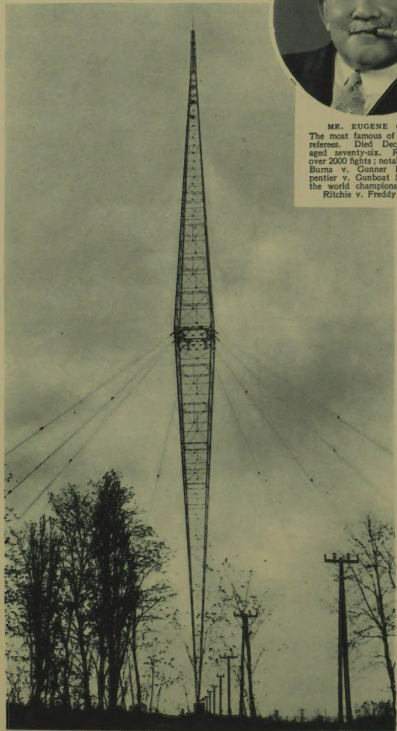


THE SEINE COMPLETELY FROZEN OVER: AN ARCTIC SCENE AT MONTEUIL, TYPICAL OF RECENT SEVERE WEATHER IN VARIOUS PARTS OF FRANCE.

Winty weather has been very severe in France of late, and for the first time for many years, the Seine was entirely frozen over near its confluence with the Yonne, at Montreuil, some fifty miles from Paris. On the main Paris-Marseille road, at Montclair, tanks were used to clear six-foot snow-drifts. The river Saône was also frozen, and in the Rhine Valley many roads were impassable through deep snow. Several villages were isolated. In the Vosges, wolves entered St. Dié.

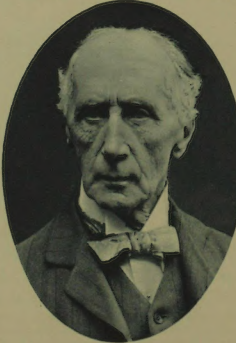


MR. EUGENE CORBI. The most famous of all boxing referees. Died December 21; aged seventy-six. Retired in over 200 fights; notably Tommy Burns v. Gusier Moir, Carpenter v. Gumbost Smith, and the world championship, Willie Ritchie v. Freddy Welsh.



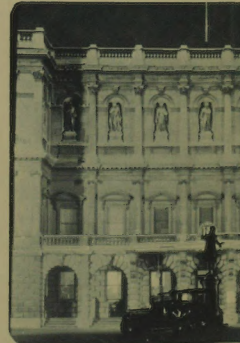
A 580-TON AERIAL MAST THAT RESTS ON A 3-INCH-THICK PORCELAIN CUP: THE 997-FT. MAST OF THE NEW BUDAPEST WIRELESS STATION.

The mast of the new wireless station at Budapest, now operating at 120 kilowatts, weighs 580 tons and is 997 feet high, twelve feet higher than the Eiffel Tower mast. Yet it rests on a china cup, a small circular foundation of porcelain, hollow, a little over a yard in diameter, and only three inches thick in its thickest part. This type of porcelain foundation comes from America and is the first of its kind in the world.



SIR HENRY FIELDING DICKENS, K.C.

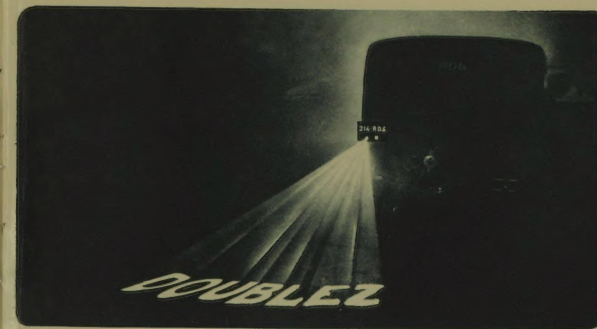
Died December 21. Knocked down by a motor-cycle, December 16. Born 1849. Sixth son and last surviving child of Charles Dickens. Common Sergeant, City of London, 1917-22. Member of the Inner Temple, 1899. Knighted, 1922. Recorder of Maidstone, 1892-1918. Author of "Memoirs of My Father". During the war raised £600 for the Red Cross by "Dickens Readings".



THE ROYAL ACADEMY FLOODLIT FOR THE FIRST TIME.

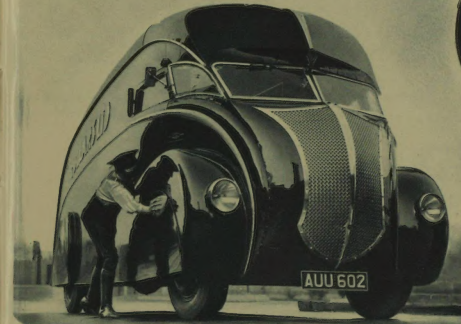
ART EXHIBITION; WITH THE REYNOLDS. For the first time in its history, the Royal Academy is to be floodlit in honour of the Winter Exhibition of British Art, which opens on January 6. Ten large lamps, faced with thin glass, are to be used, brilliantly illuminating the whole impressive facade.

OCCASIONS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK, AT HOME AND ABROAD.



NEW REAR-LIGHT SIGNALS FOR MOTOR-CARS: A DEVICE LATELY SEEN IN PARIS, CASTING ON THE ROAD, BEHIND THE CAR, THE WORD "DOUBLEZ" ("ACCELERATE").

We illustrate here an ingenious new invention, which has recently been seen in Paris, for rear-light signals on motor-cars. This novel system of lighting on the back of a car casts upon the road behind, in bold lettering, an intimation of what the driver is about to do, or of what those following should do. The word "Doublez" (that is, "Put on double speed") is the French equivalent for our English term "Accelerate."



A STREAM-LINED LORRY: A NEW "MONSTER" OF THE ROAD WITH UNFAMILIAR SWEEPING LINES RECEIVING A POLISH AT WEMBLEY.

A stream-line design has now been extended even to lorries, where the reduction in wind resistance has an important effect on running costs. This strange-looking vehicle was recently delivered to a Wembley firm. The coachwork is mounted on a Commer two-ton forward-control chassis. The rounded corners and surfaces not only play their part in minimizing resistance, but also make the body easier to keep clean. It is no doubt a forerunner of other similar apparatus.



MR. G. J. MADDICK, FOR MANY YEARS MANAGING DIRECTOR OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" & "SKETCH", LTD., WHO HAS RETIRED.

Mr. George John Maddick, who was born in 1849, has just retired after sixty-three years' continuous work in illustrated journalism. In 1876 he became manager of the "Sporting and Dramatic," and afterwards managing director, continuing in that position until his retirement. In the 'nineties he joined the advertisement staff of "The Times." For many years he was managing director of "The Illustrated London News" and "Sketch" Ltd. He was also a director of Illustrated Newspapers Ltd.



MR. TOD SLOAN. The famous jockey who introduced the crouching seat (practically on the horse's neck) into English racing. Died on December 21; aged fifty-nine. Came over from the U.S.A. in 1897; and rode 43 winners in 1900. His English career ended in 1900.



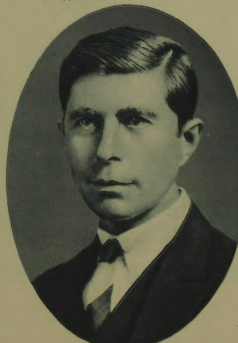
THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM:

A GERMAN SCULPTURE OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST. This magnificent sculpture of St. John the Evangelist, probably from a tomb or monument, is of stone with traces of gilding. It is the work of Adolf Daucher, a sculptor of Augsburg, who was born in 1460 and died about 1523. He was a contemporary of Dürer, and one of the outstanding figures in South German sculpture in that he marks the transition from Gothic to Renaissance ideals. The figure bears the arms of Lampart of Gersheim.



TIME IN PREPARATION FOR THE GREAT BRITISH

STATUE EXHIBITION AGAINST THE FACADE OF Burlington House. Some discussion took place, we learn, as to whether the statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the courtyard should be spot-lighted, but it was eventually decided that a silhouette effect would be more telling.



DR. KNUD RASMUSSEN.

The famous Danish Arctic explorer. Died (aged fifty-four) in Copenhagen, December 21, from food-poisoning contracted in Greenland during a recent expedition. Travelled the Arctic further than any other European. Found, on his expedition of 1922, the bodies of two members of Sir John Franklin's expedition of 1845, which sought for the North-West Passage.

THE TERRIBLE CHRISTMASTIDE RAILWAY DISASTER IN FRANCE: AFTER THE COLLISION AT POMPONNE, NEAR LAGNY.



1



3

1. THE 150-TON ENGINE OF THE STEEL-COACHED PARIS-STRASBOURG EXPRESS AFTER IT HAD CRASHED INTO THE REAR OF A PARIS-NANCY AND DÉBRIS FROM THE WOODEN COACHES THROUGH WHICH IT CRASHED HANGING ABOUT IT AND STREWN BESIDE THE LINE.
2. BONFIRES AND FLARES LIGHTING THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER, WHILE RESCUE WORK WAS PROCEEDING; SHOWING THE WRECKAGE; SHOWING THE TENDER OF THE PARIS-STRASBOURG EXPRESS.

The most disastrous railway accident within recent memory occurred in France at 7.50 on the evening of Saturday, December 23, during a fog. There is still confusion as to details, but as we write (on the Wednesday) it is stated that the dead number over 200 and that there are over 200 injured, some, it is feared, fatally. The trains involved were journeying in the same direction from the Gare

de l'Est, Paris, and had started very late. They were the Paris-Strasbourg express and a train from Paris to Nancy. The Paris-Nancy train had been checked at Pomponne, near Lagny, fifteen miles from Paris, on the main line of the Chemin de Fer de l'Est, when the Paris-Strasbourg express, travelling at about sixty-five miles an hour, crashed into the rear of it and smashed to splinters the guard's



2



- TRAIN ON THE MAIN LINE OF THE CHEMIN DE FER DE L'EST DURING A FOG; SHOWING THE COMPARATIVELY SLIGHT DAMAGE DONE TO IT CRASHED HANGING ABOUT IT AND STREWN BESIDE THE LINE.
3. UNDATED STEEL COACHES OF THE PARIS-STRASBOURG EXPRESS—A TRAIN WEIGHING BETWEEN 500 AND 600 TONS.
4. SEARCHING WRECKAGE FOR DEAD.

van and the rear coaches. Its own engine, van and two leading coaches were derailed. The Paris-Strasbourg express was made up of steel coaches and, with its 150-ton engine, weighed between 500 and 600 tons. The coaches of the other train were of wood, with thin metal panelling. Both trains were crowded with holiday-makers and people on their way to their family homes for Christmas, and

the scene in the darkness and the fog was an inferno. Rescuers worked with the greatest difficulty under the light of flares and bonfires, and they and the doctors, nurses, and ambulance attendants rushed to the spot were well-nigh overwhelmed by the magnitude of their task. In the Paris-Strasbourg express train no one was seriously injured, and the driver and fireman both escaped unhurt.

NEWFOUNDLAND—THE DOMINION THAT FAVOURS THE SUSPENSION OF ITS CONSTITUTION.

By DR. THOMAS WOOD.

The Report of the Newfoundland Royal Commission was issued on Nov. 21. Its recommendations entail the suspension for a term of years of the existing Constitution, and the administration of Newfoundland affairs under the supervision of the Dominions Office. On Nov. 29 the Newfoundland Legislature passed the resolutions of the Report. The House of Commons gave a Third Reading to the Newfoundland Bill on Dec. 18. In view of these facts, we feel that Dr. Thomas Wood's informative article will be read with no small interest.

OF all landfalls, St. John's is the most dramatic. You meet fog off the Banks, and for two days steam dead slow—the fog-horn blowing, the captain anxious: sea and sky shut out by a grey dome which seems pressed down on the mast-heads, by a grey wall which seems close enough to touch if you lean outboard. Then, at dusk, the sun breaks

in the valleys, and birch and juniper; rowans cover the foothills; and instead of the broom and heather you look for, there are blueberries—the bilberries of Dartmoor, the "whorts" of Scotland.

But the soil seems hungry, poor. This country, which is larger than Wales and Ireland put together, has a population of only two hundred and seventy thousand people, but it has to import nearly all the cereals needed to feed them. You see very little land under the plough. You are told that great tracts of land could never be brought under the plough, and that certain parts of the island, if not unexplored, are hardly known. Communication, even in the more populated areas, is not easy. A single narrow-gauge railway runs from St. John's to Port aux Basque, on the S.W. corner. A few good roads cross the island, linking up the "out-ports." Other roads wander bewilderingly, and you ask why. "The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road," say the wags in answer, "but the roaming hungry heifer made the roads of Newfoundland."

There might be more roads, and better ones, if there was a living to be made at the end of them.

a bad one, nothing. Ashore, they live in fishing hamlets, the barest necessities take the place of amenities, even of comforts. Every house is a square box which has five windows and a door. It faces the sea, and the path from the garden gate climbs down the cliff to the shore where the "flakes" stand. These are platforms built on birch poles and covered with branches, on which the cod, split open and gutted, are spread out to dry. Sun and air do the curing, not smoke; and for tools there appears to be nothing but the flake and the "stage," which means a drying shed. When the cod are cured they are as flat as boards and nearly as hard. Experts grade them by colour, size, and subtleties of texture which are beyond the layman's fathoming. All that he can remember with certainty is the fact that a "Spanish fish" fetches the best price, and that such fish go, appropriately, to Spain. Inferior qualities go to Southern Europe, to Greece, to Latin America, and to the West Indies; and a market which depends on fast days, religious festivals, personal whims, and gastronomic idiosyncrasies receives, in this case, the attention which it demands.

It is inevitable that the merchant should think of Newfoundland in terms of fish, which means (as the local Courts have ruled) codfish. But Newfoundland is more than fish to the visitor. He discovers that it is the very home of friendliness.



FISHING—STILL ONE OF NEWFOUNDLAND'S CHIEF INDUSTRIES: "FLAKES" AT ST. JOHN'S—ROUGH STAGES, MADE OF BRANCHES LAID OVER BIRCH POLES, ON WHICH THE SPLIT COD ARE CURED BY THE SUN AND AIR.

through; the fog rolls away, magically, and ahead stands a cliff split in two by a gorge. The ship edges her way through it, gingerly, and opens out a wide and noble harbour ringed about with hills. Little toy houses, painted blue, red, grey, perch themselves on ledges, rank above rank. A tower on a bluff guards the entrance, and keeps Cabot's memory green. Whalers and sealers lie in tiers; dories tug at their moorings as the bow-wave reaches them; schooners slip out on the tide, shaking out their sails. And all St. John's, apparently, has come to meet you on the quay.

The town begins at the shore and climbs the hills in terraces, as it were, dozing at every one. Life is simple. The State, the Church, and the Law have built in stone, but everyone else builds in wood. The long, low carts, drawn by a single horse, give a smack of Munster, but the smells are straight from Scotland. They are the ripe, full flavours of codfish which meet you in any port from Lerwick to Aberdeen. But no one offers apologies for these smells, either in St. John's or in any other part of Newfoundland, because nearly everyone in the island lives, directly or indirectly, on what comes out of the sea. The land gives little. It is wild, rugged country of lakes and moors, rivers and mountains, edged by an iron coast. Spruce grows

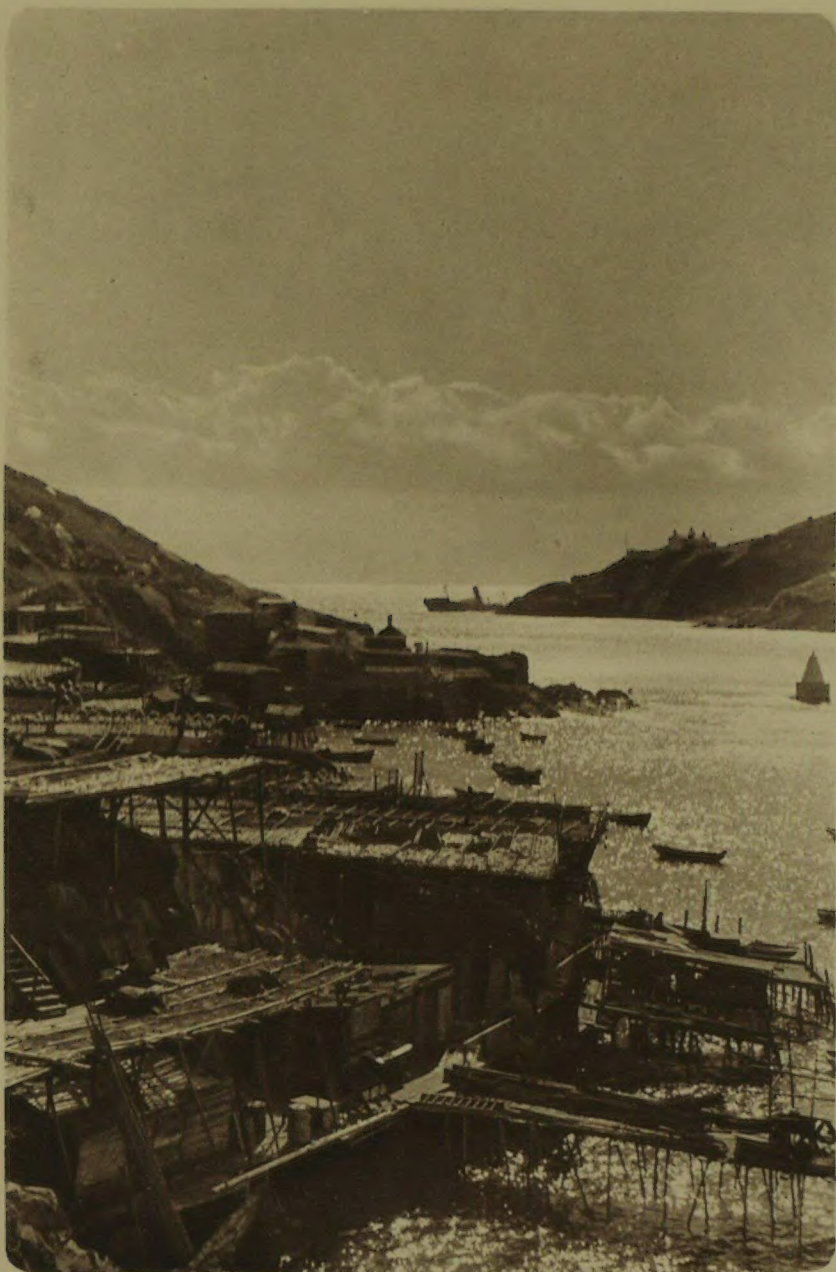
But it is not a fat one. Timber-getting in the winter months takes men into the interior, and so do the paper-mills; there are iron-mines, on Bell Island, and there are blueberries to pick and pack in the autumn. (Guides who take anglers from England do not need roads, any more than these anglers need tell lies when they get home again!—for the salmon are amazing in their number and their size.) But all this, in terms of money, does not amount to a great deal. It is to the sea that Newfoundland turns for a living, as it has always done. "Britain's oldest colony," say the people there, with pride; but the island to-day is very much what it was three hundred years ago—a big ship anchored off the coast of North America, from which a fleet of small craft sets out to fish.

The men who man this fleet are probably the finest boatmen in the world. It does you good to meet them. They have the clear eyes, the deep chest, the suppleness of the seaman; they welcome you with the good manners, the inborn hospitality, of simple people. What they have is yours, if you want it; and you have to guard yourself against betraying your pity that they have so little. Theirs is a hard life. At sea, they have a boat and her gear, shared among a group of men. At the end of a good season there is a pay-day. At the end of

He finds a climate much more genial than he had expected; he finds scenery comparable with that of the Highlands; he finds a coast as splendid as that of Tasmania—no higher praise; and he can get all the boat-work, sailing, bird-life, and photography he wants in those glorious bays. (If Newfoundland could only sell a few of them for deep-water harbours, she would solve all her financial problems at a blow!) And he finds an atmosphere which is intensely English. The surnames are largely those of Dorset, Hampshire, and Devon. People who can afford to do so send their children to school "at home," and all hands turn out to cheer the "school-boat" when she leaves. The men who served with the Tenth Cruiser Squadron in the war say to you wistfully: "They were great days then, Mister." You feel everywhere—in fact, you are told openly—that Newfoundland does not look West to Canada, but East to England.

For visitors, at least, she ought not to look in vain. St. John's is only seven days out from Liverpool. The Western Ocean can be, and often is, smoother than the Channel. And once he is on the other side, the visitor is certain to find those essentials to happiness which never go down on the bill, because no money can buy them—quiet, health, and a welcome.

IN THE DOMINION THAT FAVOURS SUSPENSION OF ITS CONSTITUTION: NEWFOUNDLAND, OUR OLDEST COLONY.



THE CLEFT-LIKE ENTRANCE TO ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR, NEWFOUNDLAND: A PORT—ALMOST EXACTLY HALF-WAY BETWEEN LONDON AND NEW YORK—WHOSE CHIEF BUSINESS IS INDICATED BY THE FISH-DRYING "FLAKES" SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND.



ASSOCIATED WITH THE NAME OF GASPAR CORTE-REAL, THE PORTUGUESE CAPTAIN WHO LANDED IN NEWFOUNDLAND IN 1500 AND WAS APPOINTED "GOVERNOR OF TERRA NOVA": CONCEPTION BAY.

Spain and Portugal—the little Devon fishing-smacks being too small. Attempts were made at settlement as early as 1583, and again in 1610 and 1615. A handsome Jacobean mansion rose on Newfoundland's bleak shores when Lord Baltimore planted a colony at Ferryland, forty miles north of Cape Cod. The French so harassed his settlement, however, with their incessant attacks that Lord Baltimore was forced to abandon it. The first Governor of Newfoundland was not appointed till 1728. Now the Newfoundland Parliament has, in this year of grace 1933, passed resolutions in favour of suspending the Dominion Constitution until such time as the island is again self-supporting. That it will become so there is every reason to assume, since it possesses ample resources—especially in its fish, its minerals, and its forests.

THE Report of the Newfoundland Royal Commission was issued on November 21. Lord Amulree (nominated by the British Government), Mr. Magrath (nominated by the Canadian Government), and Sir William Stavert (nominated by the Government of Newfoundland) were unanimous in recommending the suspension for a term of years of the existing Constitution, and the administration of Newfoundland affairs under the supervision of the Dominions Office. Though this would detract from Newfoundland's status as a Dominion, the Amulree Report makes it clear that the Newfoundlanders are not interested in constitutional niceties, and, indeed, are quite content to have their country known as "Britain's oldest colony." In explanation of this claim, it should, perhaps, be stated that Newfoundland does, in fact, antedate in discovery (though not in continuous settlement) any British oversea Dominion. As early as 1527 the trade in fish was important, and special "sack" ships (large merchant vessels) were employed to carry the salt cod to

[Continued above on right.]



ANOTHER ASSOCIATION WITH THE EARLY PORTUGUESE ADVENTURERS: PORTUGAL COVE, SO NAMED BY GASPAR CORTE-REAL; AND NOW A TYPICAL FISHING HAMLET, WITH ITS BOX-LIKE HOUSES STRAGGLING UP A RUGGED HILLSIDE.



A FINE VIEW OF ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR ON A SUNNY DAY; WITH "FLAKES" FOR FISH-DRYING—PLATFORMS MADE OF BIRCH POLES COVERED WITH BRANCHES—PROMINENT IN THE FOREGROUND.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

ADVENTURE BY PROXY.

I CANNOT and do not assume that I am singular in my predilection for the non-fictional adventure picture—by which I mean those records of expeditions undertaken in the service of science and discovery. There must be thousands who, like myself, still harbouring the adventurous spirit of their youth, are fain to enjoy by proxy the assault on the remote or the unconquered corners of the globe. To such as these the kinematic chronicle of brave endeavour, whether wholly successful or frustrated in its ultimate issue, brings a thrill far beyond the mere statements of the camera and the commentator. I suppose it is possible to watch with complacency the brief histories of perilous adventure compiled under difficulties which only the camera-man or woman—yes, or woman, for pioneering is by no means exclusively a man's job—can fully realise. For in certain of its aspects the kinema, even more than the theatre, demands the imaginative co-operation of the public. Actors in the flesh sense the degree of responsiveness in their audiences. They can attune their performances to it, emphasise their points for the unreceptive, whip up the interest of a "dull house." Screen entertainment is deprived of this invaluable elasticity. Created for the masses, and therefore for every kind of mentality, its fictional drama underlines, exaggerates, stresses the obvious, piles up the sensational *pour épater les bourgeois*, and is largely responsible for the atrophy of mass imagination.

I have recently been accused, after a small spate of enthusiasm anent a small film I had seen, of "putting into the picture more than was there." If I did indeed exercise such imagination as I have still preserved, I can only say that I was contributing unconsciously, and with great pleasure to myself, to an entertainment wherein a margin had been left for individual response. In the case of the chronicle picture, such contribution becomes imperative for full enjoyment.

The record of an expedition in which the subsequent kinematic entertainment is not the primary consideration is seldom sensational, though it may achieve moments of excitement and of rare scenic beauty. Its commentary is

generally a sober series of facts. Its dangers, its physical hardships, briefly alluded to, compressed into the frame of pictorial presentment, do not "leap to the eye." Sitting back in a nicely padded seat, we see action, energy, possibly relaxation. How many visualise the hours of desperate effort, of patient preparation, of still more patient waiting in acute discomfort? The very difficulties of securing such pictorial records at all are only revealed to us in flashes, as when, in "Climbing Mount Everest," the chronicle of

is gallantly attempted, defeat as gallantly admitted. Mount Everest, with its proud plume of cloud, remains unconquered, but the story of this attack upon its ramparts, told by Mr. Frank S. Smythe and illustrated by Mr. Wyn Harris's camera, is a tale of achievement rather than of failure.

In further quest of adventure by proxy, I sought out Mrs. Olive Murray Chapman, whose beautiful single-reeler, "Across Lapland," had a recent pre-release run at the Academy Cinema and will be generally released in the New Year. Mrs. Murray Chapman, charming, youthful, and *mondaine*, is an irrepressible pioneer. She set out from the little port of Alta, 400 miles north of the Arctic Circle and the most northerly part of the Lapp country, to study Lapp life in Norwegian, Finnish, and Swedish Lapland under winter conditions. She travelled alone and was her own camera-man, using a standard portable Bell and Howell "Eyemo."

On each stage of her journey, she changed her reindeer, sledges, and her Lapp guide, with whom, by the way, she had to communicate by signs. With her caravan of four sledges and five reindeer, the precious camera in its oilskin wrapping, and her films in a suit-case, she set off on her hundreds of miles of lonely trekking, having hastily acquired the art of driving a reindeer and keeping the balance in a small canoe-shaped sledge liable to tip over on the down-grade at the slightest provocation. As the single rein is looped round the wrist with a slip-knot, the unfortunate charioteer is dragged behind the sledge after a spill until the reindeer chooses to stop. "Which he generally did," remarks Mrs. Murray Chapman cheerfully.

With the same equanimity, I will wager, she faced "the worst storm of the winter," that caught her on her journey to Karasjok, encasing her face-covering in ice, obliterating the track through the snow-drifts, and reducing the caravan's pace to a snail's crawl. In the like spirit she endured three days of blizzard in a one-roomed "fjellstue" (a rest-hut set up at



THE OWNER OF THE 1932 DERBY WINNER RIDING A STEER IN THE FILM "TURKEY TIME": TOM WALLS AS THE HERO, WHO SPENT SOME OF HIS LIFE IN THE WILD WEST.

For the film version of "Turkey Time," the successful Aldwych farce, a cowboy corral was built at the Gaumont British Studios; and here Tom Walls rode steers, courageously refusing to allow anyone to "double" for him in this most difficult part. The first presentation was at the Capitol on December 20.

the 1933 expedition to the "Goddess Mother" of the Himalayas, now showing at the Polytechnic, the vibration of the final shots is explained to us as not only due to the rarefied air, but to the sheer weight of even a midget camera held at that high altitude.

Furthermore, it behoves us to remember—again for full enjoyment—that the explorer has no scenic department to build up his mountain barriers at the requisite angle. Thus the walls of frozen snow up which the Everest party laboriously cut their flights of steps are reduced by the tilt of the camera, a 16-millimetre Kodak, to a slope. No mechanical reconstruction of the terrific wind against which the men and their frail shelters fought daily for their foothold conveys the inimical power of the elements as it would have done in a studio picture. But approach this short film with the spirit of awareness for which I am putting in this plea, with some aptitude for reading between the lines, and you will be repaid in full for what you "put into it."

Well, even without meeting it half-way, without studio effects, without the advantage of a full-sized ciné-camera, which could not have been transported to such heights as had to be assailed, this "Climbing Mount Everest" is an engrossing, courageous film, with wonderful shots of the tropical forests and highlands that mark the first stages of the march from Darjeeling and gradually give way to the ineffably grandiose vistas of snow-capped peaks and fairylike ice formations. Ever and anon the legendary monasteries of Tibet break the high-flung skyline. There is a pause for the blessing of the Grand Lama bestowed on the travellers to the sacred mountain. There are skirmishes with the slow-moving yaks, which take less kindly to portage than do the sturdy little pack-ponies. The crossing of a flooded river by a single rope bridge provides excitement before the final bid for the summit



UP TO THEIR NECKS IN FEATHERS!—RALPH LYNN AND DOROTHY HYSON IN "TURKEY TIME."

forty-miles intervals by the Norwegian Government), and thawed out her frozen self, her camera, and her case of films: those irreplaceable films that miraculously survived disaster, even the perilous crossing of a river on which the ice was already breaking up, and had become so unsafe that the baggage had to be towed across on light hand-sledges, whilst their owner walked gingerly over with the water welling above her footgear. Mrs. Murray Chapman has brought home fascinating pictures of a vast reindeer herd, of which she secured a remarkable "close-up" before they stampeded. Her charm, no doubt, overcame the timidity and superstition of her shy sitters, though she modestly puts down her success in making friends with the women and children to tactful gifts of Woolworth necklaces and balls which she took out from England.

In any case, her chronicle includes delightfully intimate shots of a Lapp mother with her baby in its reindeer cradle, her fears lulled to rest by a string of beads, perhaps (who would have suspected such power in a Woolworth necklace to ward off the evil eye?), and the primitive pageantry of a wedding ceremony. Her commentary, informative and pleasant to the ear, makes light of the perils of her journey, of hunger and frostbite, just as she herself dismisses as "a nasty adventure" the attack of a savage dog which fastened on to her driving arm and was only shaken off by the sudden spurt of her startled reindeer. Of the wolves who fell upon a straying reindeer, she says: "They are not dangerous unless one meets them in a pack, and this rarely occurs!"

Yes, taking it by and large, we armchair travellers of the kinema get all the cream of adventure, but our enjoyment can and should be immensely enhanced by the realisation of the rough work that falls to the share of the actual adventurer.



"AUNT SALLY": CECILY COURNEIDGE IN AN APACHE DANCE WHICH IS REALLY A DESPERATE STRUGGLE BETWEEN SALLY AND A GANGSTER WHO IS BENT ON WRECKING THE CABARET.

"Aunt Sally" is the story of a night club "king" of New York who goes to London to set up business there. Gangsters pursue him to England; but Sally, the girl whom he rejected as a cabaret artiste, is able to foil their dastardly schemes against the cabaret and its owner. It was arranged that the first presentation should be at the Tivoli on December 26.

A WAR-SHIP BUILT IN A STUDIO: A "WOODEN WALL" FOR THE SCREEN.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



ELSTREE AS RIVAL TO A NAVAL DOCKYARD! A FULL-SIZE DESTROYER (IN WOOD) UNDER CONSTRUCTION AS A SET FOR THE FILM, "CONTRABAND."

The unusual phenomenon of a war-ship built inland has occurred recently at Elstree, where an exact replica of a destroyer has been constructed of wood, in one of the large British International studios, for a new film entitled "Contraband." It is no mean feat of carpentry to reproduce, in timber and three-ply, the deck and superstructures of a full-size war-ship, but the task has been successfully accomplished. The result might be called one of the "wooden walls of old England" in a new sense! At this stage of the work there were four torpedo-tubes in position aft, and two amidships, while the gun-platforms were awaiting the completion of their "three-ply" guns. "It seemed curious," writes Mr.

Spurrier, "to see a carpenter lightly balancing on his shoulders what looked like a very heavy davit. The deck is seen from the level of the bridge, looking aft." This remarkable set is to be used for filming scenes showing the embarkation of an exiled monarch on his recall to the throne of "Amnesia." As the film is a comedy, it is pointed out, the Admiralty would not allow the use of a real destroyer, even if practicable. The part of the king will be played by Hugh Wakefield, while other characters will be represented by Greta Nissen, Camilla Horn, David Manners, and Clifford Mollison. The director is Robert Milton, who was responsible for "Outward Bound" and other Hollywood films.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

OF art and artists I can hardly claim to say, as a certain "Idle Fellow" said concerning babies—"Oh, yes, I do—I know a lot about them"; but the subject has always touched me nearly, since in my youth I wanted to be a painter, and always regret having yielded too easily to parental dissuasion. Hence I look forward with great expectations to the coming show at Burlington House. This Exhibition of British Art has produced a goodly crop of new books, among which I am glad to discover (what might be termed, in Tennysonian phrase, "a brace of lusty twins") "A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH PAINTING." By Eric Underwood. With thirty-two illustrations (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.); and a "SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH SCULPTURE." By Eric Underwood. With forty-eight illustrations (Faber; 10s. 6d.).

I remember finding Mr. Underwood's previous work on French painting very useful, two years ago, in connection with the French Exhibition at the Royal Academy. I like his books because they are both readable and informative, and written in a style that can be "understood of the people." While not neglecting controversial topics and modern theories, he adopts a "hear-all-sides" attitude, aiming rather at concise explanation than high-flown disquisition. He writes for the average intelligent spectator rather than for the sophisticated partisan or the adherent of a clique. He stresses the human and biographical side of art history, and has been careful to choose as examples pictures accessible to the public. Both in painting and sculpture, he covers the whole English record from the earliest times to the present day, and both books contain many useful tabular appendices.

One branch of our native art has inspired a work of rare charm and indisputable authority—"ENGLISH WATER-COLOURS." By Laurence Binyon. C.H., lately Keeper of Prints and Drawings, British Museum. With Frontispiece in Colour and twenty-four Photogravure Plates (Black; 7s. 6d.). This is a new volume in the Library of English Art. Mr. Binyon has brought to his task enthusiasm and long experience, for, as he recalls, he spent ten years in cataloguing the English Drawings in the British Museum. In his delightful pages he traces the whole development of English water-colour painting, adding a short chapter of advice to collectors. The illustrations are beautiful, although one cannot but wish they were all in colours, like Francis Towne's "Source of the Arveiron," facing the title-page. As to origins, Mr. Binyon dates the record back considerably. "English water-colours," he writes, "are usually thought to begin with the 'stained' drawings on an Indian-ink foundation, of the eighteenth century. But let us claim for them a more gallant beginning, in the days of Elizabeth." The pioneer water-colourist thus indicated was John White, who, in 1585, sailed from Plymouth as draughtsman with Sir Walter Raleigh's expedition to Virginia, and was aboard the *Revenge* with Sir Richard Grenville.

Although engravings were made from White's water-colours, the originals were long supposed to have disappeared. "But in 1865," we read, "a book of drawings from an old library in Ireland appeared in a sale at Sotheby's. They were recognised as White's lost drawings by that enthusiastic student of American discovery, Henry Stevens of Vermont; he bought the volume, and from him it was purchased for the British Museum." I happen to have a personal interest in this re-emergence of the first English water-colours, through a family connection with Hawker of Morwenstow. Henry Stevens was step-father to Hawker's second wife (my wife's mother), and we have among our books two contributions by Stevens to American annals—"Historical and Geographical Notes on the Earliest Discoveries in America" (published 1869), and "Benjamin Franklin's Life and Writings," a bibliographical essay issued in 1887.

Another opportune little book which will doubtless be much conneed in these days, and is compact enough to go into a reasonable pocket, is "A SHORT HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ENGLAND." By Miles F. De Montmorency. With Introduction by Professor R. M. Y. Gleadowe, and sixty illustrations (Dent; 6s.). The author, who is himself a painter, writes: "I have tried to make clear the connection between the art and life of the English people, and to show that painting, if it is to be anything more than a hobby for 'highbrows' and dilettanti, must have roots deeply struck in the soil of national life." Finally he discusses the changed

social conditions under which artists work to-day, when the picture-buying public has been so much reduced through various causes, such as the rivalry of the camera, new fashions in house decoration, the prevalence of flats with limited wall-space, and general impecuniosity. Personally, I feel there is still a vast field left for painting which no photography can ever invade. Mr. De Montmorency also adds some useful chronological tables.

In Mr. Underwood's book on English sculpture I see no allusion to the author of "MEMOIRS OF A SOLDIER ARTIST." By Captain Adrian Jones, M.V.O., M.R.C.V.S., F.R.B.S. With a Foreword by Lieut.-General Baden-Powell. With forty illustrations (Stanley Paul; 12s. 6d.). I do not know whether Mr. Underwood's omission was

place he asserts that, although he would have welcomed official recognition, he does not write as a disappointed man. The liveliness of his narrative is, indeed, sufficient evidence on that score. By way of analogy with his own tribulations, he says: "To-day, by general consent, Alfred Stevens stands out as England's greatest sculptor," though "not honoured by the Royal Academy." Mr. Underwood goes further: "Alfred Stevens, 'he says,' was the greatest English artist of the nineteenth century, and, if excellence in several media is a higher qualification than supremacy in one, the greatest English artist of all time." His versatility is compared by the same writer to that of da Vinci, on whom consult an admirable book I mentioned last week—Edward MacCurdy's "Leonardo da Vinci—the Artist" (Cape; 10s. 6d.).

The other day, while prowling round Haverstock Hill in search of a flat, I noticed a memorial plaque on the back of a small house in Eton Villas, almost illegible from the road. I discovered, however, that it commemorates Alfred Stevens, and it was here, Mr. Underwood records, that he died in 1875. The house had been built from his own design. My next book, strangely enough, shows that a house just round the corner, in Provost Road, has associations with a later English artist, being the address from which is dated the author's preface to "HENRY SCOTT TUKE, R.A., R.W.S." A Memoir by Maria Tuke Sainsbury. With fifteen Plates in Colour and twenty-five in Collotype from the painter's work (Secker; 12s. 6d.).

Mrs. Sainsbury has based this charming record of her brother's life mainly on his diary, covering more than fifty years, besides letters and other material. Of the man himself, a pen-portrait is given by the late Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, better known as Ranjitsinhji, with whom he became acquainted in 1908, along with W. G. Grace and other cricket celebrities. Tuke's portraits of "Ranji," and of "W. G." in a red turban (put on him by "Ranji"), making him look like Ali Baba, are among the illustrations. "Ranji," at whose country house Tuke was staying, says of him: "Very soon we all called him 'Tuko,' for he had a most delightful personality and was a man well beloved by all of us." Tuke's own home was at Swanpool, near Falmouth, and many of his subjects were drawn from seafaring life. Boy bathers were a favourite theme.

In the above-mentioned histories of English painting, a good deal of space is naturally given to Whistler, and Captain Adrian Jones, who knew him personally, has some amusing anecdotes about him. He figures again more prominently, in litigious mood, in "THE TRIBULATIONS OF A BARONET." By Timothy Eden. Illustrated (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.). This is an admirably written memoir of the late Sir William Eden, who, in 1895, brought an action against Whistler, in Paris, for non-delivery of a portrait of Lady Eden for which he had been paid. Whistler gave his version of the quarrel in "The Baronet and the Butterfly," but the Eden side of the story has never before been told, except in the French courts, which decided for the plaintiff.

Both men were touchy and choleric, and, as the author remarks, the impact of two such fiery spirits was bound to cause an explosion. The Baronet's arrogant personality is not too attractive, but in this matter he certainly comes out better than Whistler, whose art he continued to appreciate despite the rumpus. Sir William himself was a painter of no mean ability, but the book portrays a self-frustrated genius. His world was destroyed by the war, which brought in a new social order that he would have hated had he lived to see it. To that extent he was *felix opportunitate mortis*.

Many phases of our post-war social world have been skilfully delineated of late in this journal, by the artist responsible for the pictorial side of "ALBERT GOES THROUGH." By J. B. Priestley. With illustrations by Edmund Blampied (Heinemann; 5s.). Here Mr. Blampied shows himself once more a consummate draughtsman, in satiric vein, his subject this time being the life of the cinema, on and in front of the screen. Mr. Priestley's gay little tale is a delicious study of a provincial film "fan." The word "through" in the title is used, not as Mr. Wells used it of Mr. Britling, but rather as Lewis Carroll used it of Alice in "Through the Looking-Glass," for Albert Limpley went "through" the screen into a fantastic world that flickered on its surface.

And now—may we all go through into a cheerier and more prosperous world in 1934! C. E. B.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

intentional or inadvertent, but, as he mentions several sculptors of war memorials, it seems rather surprising he should overlook one of whom Lord Baden-Powell writes: "If you stood on the Duke of York's Column . . . you would see a tangible monument to Adrian Jones in the statues of the Duke of Cambridge in Whitehall, of the Royal Marines in the Mall, the Quadriga on Constitution Hill, and the Cavalry Memorial in Hyde Park." Captain Jones, who is nearly ninety, has had an adventurous career as a soldier, first in the R.H.A., and later in the 2nd Life Guards, with the added qualifications of a veterinary surgeon. While his consequent knowledge of anatomy and practical experience of horses were of great value in equestrian statues, his actual art training appears to have been largely self-acquired and unconventional. It was no fault of his own that he did not go through the regular academic course, for it was a stern Victorian father who prevented him from following his bent as a boy; but the result was, he tells us, that he was regarded in the academic world as "an outsider," and his successes, which won him the friendship and patronage of King Edward, are alleged to have caused some professional jealousy.

I was curious to see whether Captain Jones had made any reference to the Haig Memorial. His index did not help, but I found, nevertheless, that he had made some very forcible remarks about it in his epilogue. In the same

THE COUNTRYSIDE: A FOURTH SERIES OF DRAWINGS BY BLAMPIED.

Drawings Specially Made for "The Illustrated London News" by Edmund Blampied.



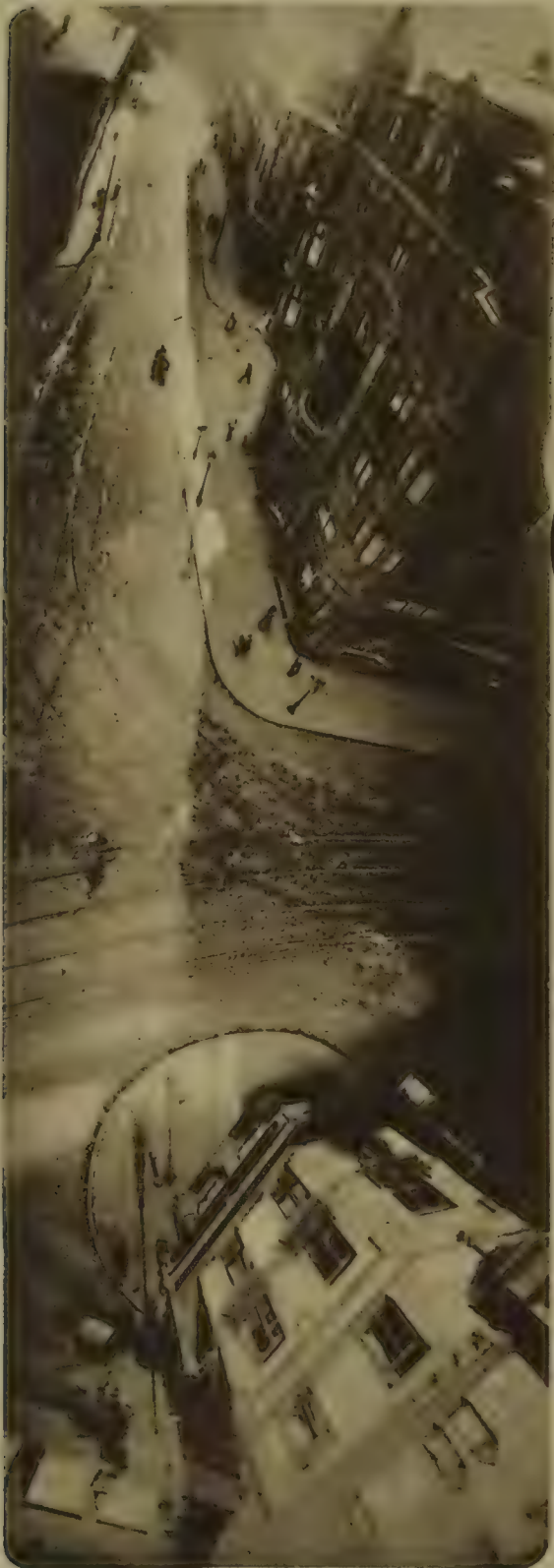
"PEACE IN OUR TIME, LOCALLY."



"LOOKS MIGHTY LIKE AS IF THEY WAS KISSIN', GARGE."

We have already given our readers three series of drawings by that distinguished modern artist, Edmund Blampied. These were entitled "The English Daumier Looks on Life"; "Leaves from Life"; and "British Children." This last included many delightful records of the pleasures and sorrows, triumphs and

shortcomings of little people at all social levels. We here present the first drawings of a new series—to be devoted to the countryside. The two reproduced on this page would seem to indicate that "business" and pleasure are both equally leisurely affairs in the country!



AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WITH AN AUTOMATIC CAMERA ATTACHED TO A PIGEON IN FLIGHT: A PANORAMIC OVERHEAD VIEW OF STREETS AND BUILDINGS.



WITH A CAMERA FIXED TO THE ATTACHMENT DEVICE SHOWN IN THE ILLUSTRATION IMMEDIATELY BELOW: A PIGEON FULLY EQUIPPED FOR AIR PHOTOGRAPHY.



SHOWING THE SPECIAL FORM OF LENS, WHICH SWINGS ROUND DURING EXPOSURE, TO OBTAIN A LONG PANORAMA: A CAMERA OF THE TYPE CARRIED BY PIGEONS.

SHOWING THE ATTACHMENT DEVICE TO WHICH A MINIATURE CAMERA CAN BE FASTENED ON THE BIRD'S BREAST (AS SEEN ABOVE IN THE SECOND PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE LEFT): ONE OF THE GERMAN MILITARY PIGEONS (ON RIGHT).



THE METHOD BY WHICH MESSAGES ARE CARRIED BY A PIGEON: A SMALL CYLINDRICAL RECEPTACLE, MADE TO CONTAIN A ROLL OF PAPER OR FILM, ATTACHED TO THE BIRD'S LEG.

Everything connected with German Army training and military methods is now of particular interest, and these unusual illustrations indicate that no branch of field activity is neglected, even to the use of pigeons for air-photography and communications. A note on the photographs states: "The German Army authorities



SECTIONS OF CINE-FILM OF A GERMAN NEWSPAPER, TWELVE PAGES OF WHICH, THUS PHOTOGRAPHED, CAN BE CARRIED ROLLED IN A CYLINDER ON A PIGEON'S LEG.

have succeeded in perfecting a miniature camera for use by carrier-pigeons. This camera, weighing 40 grammes (about 1½ oz.), is strapped to the bird, and a clock-work release attached to it is so timed that, when over specified territory, photographs are taken. Successful use of this device has already been made on survey

FEATHERED GERMAN WAR PHOTOGRAPHERS: PIGEONS AS "SPIES" AND MESSENGERS—A BRANCH OF REICHSWEHR MILITARY TRAINING.



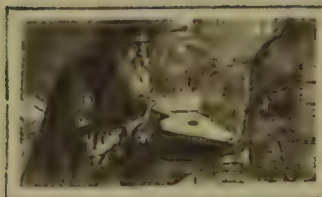
HOW THE GERMAN SOLDIERS IN CHARGE OF MILITARY PIGEONS CONVEY THE BIRDS TO THE SCENE OF OPERATIONS: A SPECIAL "JERKIN" WORN OVER THE CHEST AND BACK, WITH POCKETS FOR PIGEONS IN FRONT AND BEHIND.



READY FOR CONVEYANCE IN THE SOLDIERS' POCKETS SHOWN IN THE ILLUSTRATION ABOVE: THREE PIGEONS TIED UP IN PROTECTIVE BAGS, TO PREVENT THEM SLIPPING OUT OR FLYING AWAY, LAID ON THE GROUND TO AWAIT THEIR TURN OF DUTY.

work. Besides the method of conveying pigeons in pockets of a 'jerkin,' similar pockets are carried, pannier-wise, by trained dogs. There is also a type of transport cage strapped to the back of a soldier cyclist. The pigeons are exercised for two hours every day. The use of these birds for military purposes is not, of course,

a novelty. Pigeons were frequently employed during the war to bring back messages from advanced positions, and often rendered valuable service. In Fort Vaux, at Verdun, is a marble plaque inscribed 'To the memory of the pigeon-fanciers who gave their lives for France and to the Pigeon of Verdun.'



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



TEETH AND THEIR ORIGIN: GRINDERS AND "BAYONETS."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

NO one can look at the magnified photographs of snow-flakes without being impressed by their marvellous symmetry and range of shape. A physicist may be able to explain the symmetry, but I wonder whether he could explain their kaleidoscopic forms. This train of thought arose while I was cogitating on the symmetry displayed by living bodies, and the mysterious differences which are found between the same organs in nearly allied species. Commonly we find a direct relationship between the form of the body and the nature of the contact with the external world. It is, however, by no means possible to find convincing evidence of this relationship in all instances of structural peculiarities, as I hope to show presently in the matter of the strange shapes presented by the teeth of fishes. These present such an astonishing diversity that I am perforce compelled here to confine myself to the teeth of certain members of the shark tribe.

I must first, however, say something of the origin of these teeth; for in the shark tribe we find the

course, with the seizing of food. But what was the subtle something which caused these bony, armoured scales to undergo transformation into teeth? Some, nowadays, will invoke the aid of "genes." But that is an "explanation" which explains nothing; it leaves us exactly where we were before. Whence and why and how came the gene? What endowed it with the properties necessary to convert a scale into a tooth? The present-day vogue for "genes" is not leading to an advance in our knowledge of the agencies of Evolution. In whatever is to be explained, their aid is sought. A "gene" is first postulated, then endowed with the properties it is desired it should have. As a result, these imaginary entities explain what it was intended they should explain!

We used to be told, by our biological pastors and masters a generation ago, to accept the simplest possible explanation till further evidence showed that explanation to be no longer tenable. Hence we advanced step by step to new knowledge. Surely here, in the case of these teeth of the shark tribe, the simplest explanation is that they became transformed from thorny scales into teeth by the stimulus of use—persistent repetition of certain stimuli, constant in their direction. The trophic nerves, which control growth, are the agents which bring about the necessary supply of formative material drawn from the blood to supply the waste of tissue due to use. If, instead of looking for admittedly invisible genes, our energy was devoted in equal measure to looking for the number and distribution of these "trophic" nerves,

we should probably get nearer to the solution of this mystery than we are now. Though much can be explained by the theory of the effects of use and disuse—an utterly exploded theory, according to some—there are still facts which will not fall harmoniously into that theory.

But let me first take what I venture to contend are obvious results of use and disuse in the evolution of these teeth. The jaws of the thornback ray (Fig. 3) show the simplest form of these teeth—small, triangular spines arranged in rows, one behind the other. As they become blunted, and so lose their efficiency, they drop off, and their places are taken by the unused teeth just behind them. Such jaws are used for seizing fishes. In the sand-shark (*Odonaspis*) they are long and pointed, recalling a bayonet in shape, with a small pointed cusp on each side of

the base; while in the great white shark, or man-eater (*Charcharodon*), they are triangular in shape, and with a finely serrated edge! In the comb-toothed shark (*Hexanchus*) they take a very different form, being formed of a flat plate having a serrated edge like that of a saw. All these are fish-eaters, though the "man-eater" will eat water-birds and even

attack man. The stories we are told, however, of biting off a human leg as though it were a carrot are grossly exaggerated.

Now let us turn to teeth of a very different type, such as are shown in the accompanying photographs. The jaws of the Port Jackson shark (*Heterodontus*; Fig. 2) show teeth of varied shape, forming a pattern of real beauty. Those at the tips of the jaws take the form of flattened nodules, with faintly serrated cutting edges. As they are traced inwards, towards the throat, they gradually increase in size, till they become sausage-shaped, decreasing in size at the extreme back of the mouth. Standing in the strongest possible contrast with these are the teeth of the spotted eagle ray (*Ætobatis*), an enormous ray found in warm seas. They form a sort of pavement made up of narrow, transverse, overlapping bands on the upper, and V-shaped bands on the lower jaw. In the typical eagle ray (*Myliobatis*) they form transverse bands in each jaw, supplemented by a longitudinal band of three rows of flattened and very small teeth on each side of the "pavement."

In each of these types, the teeth are used for crushing the shells of molluscs, crustacea, and sea-urchins. In the stomachs of the spotted eagle ray clams have been found which, with their shells, must have weighed 3 lb., and it is estimated that a pressure of as much as 1000 lb. would be required to break them! Here, then, we have a definite relationship between the form of the teeth and the nature of the food. But even here, it is to be noted, the same end is not always attained by teeth of precisely the same shape, as is shown in the case of the eagle rays. But what explanation are we to give of the fact that the teeth may present material differences in shape in the two sexes, as, for example, in the thornback ray? The jaws seen in Fig. 3 are those of the adult male; those of the young male and the female are blunt. It may be found that they differ in their choice of food. As yet, however, we have no evidence.



1. JAWS THAT GIVE EVIDENCE OF CRUSHING POWERS EQUIVALENT TO 1000-LB. PRESSURE: THE TEETH OF THE SPOTTED EAGLE RAY (*ÆTOBATIS*), USED FOR BREAKING UP THE SHELLS OF OYSTERS AND CLAMS. Remains of clams up to 3 lb. in weight have been found in the stomachs of these fish; and it is estimated that a pressure of 1000 lb. would have to be exerted to crush shells of such a size.



2. TEETH ADAPTED TO CRUSHING THE SHELLS OF CRUSTACEANS: THE JAWS OF THE PORT JACKSON SHARK, WHEREIN THE TEETH ARE OF VARIOUS SHAPES AND ARRANGED TO FORM A PATTERN OF GREAT BEAUTY.



3. SCALES THE ORIGIN OF TEETH: THE JAWS OF A MALE THORNBAC RAY (*RAJA CLAVATA*), HAVING THE SIMPLEST FORM OF TEETH, SCALES SLIGHTLY MODIFIED AND ENLARGED.

For some reason, the teeth of the young male and the female thornback ray differ from those of the adult male, being blunt instead of pointed. It is suggested that the adult male may not eat the same kind of food as the others, but so far there is no evidence on this point.

source of all teeth, from those of sharks to those of man himself. In the pursuit of such a problem as I have just indicated, we can afford to neglect no possible source of information; and this matter of the origin of teeth is most emphatically important, since it shows that the material of which they are made is a decidedly malleable material, when subjected to new conditions. If the common dog-fish be gently stroked from head to tail, the skin seems as smooth as velvet. But reverse the movement, and the fingers are at once arrested. A lens will show why; for this skin is covered with minute spines, all directed from head to tail. Isolate a piece of skin, and dissolve the matrix in which these spines are embedded, and it will be found that they are glistening projections on a solid, bony base. This skin, with its spiny armature, will be found, at the mouth, to turn inwards so as to cover the jaws. And at this juncture the spines enlarge to form teeth! The jaws themselves are not formed of bone, but of calcified cartilage. True bone is never present in the shark tribe.

In the higher fishes, such as the pike or the perch, this calcified skeleton is replaced by bone, and the body is covered by horny, overlapping scales, fundamentally different from those of the shark tribe. But the teeth are heritages from the sharks. Here, however, they have totally changed their shape and mode of attachment to the jaw. Similar teeth will, furthermore, be found on the palate and in the throat. How they got there is another story, not directly bearing on the problem now under consideration.

In the shark tribe we have a most astonishing series of different forms of teeth, all concerned, of



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

FROM THE PICTURE BY ARTHUR T. NOWELL, R.I., R.P.

In connection with this very striking portrait of her Majesty the Queen, our readers will find it of interest to compare it with the portrait of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth which is reproduced in colours on page 1066. The likeness between her Majesty and her granddaughter is unmistakable.

REPRODUCED BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

Colourful South Africa: Decorative Aborigines of Basutoland and Zululand Inspire an Artist.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTINGS BY JAN JUTA. (COPYRIGHTS STRICTLY RESERVED.)



SET IN MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY OF RUGGED CHARM: A NATIVE VILLAGE NEAR MASERU, BASUTOLAND.



TYPICAL OF HIS RACE AND WEARING ONE OF THE BRIGHT BLANKETS THEY FAVOUR: A YOUNG ZULU.

The aboriginal races of South Africa provide a varied and colourful field of inspiration for the artist and are of the greatest interest to those considering native life in that Dominion. The pictures here reproduced are by Mr. Jan Juta, a young South African painter of Dutch descent, who merits particular attention in that he is something of a pioneer among the Union's artists in the matter of mural decoration, which he studied under leading masters not only in his own country, but in Great Britain, Italy, Spain, and France. In co-operation with leading architects, he has carried out extensive mural decoration schemes in Italy, France, and America, both in public buildings and

private dwellings. In the paintings we give, the glimpses of a native village in the Protectorate of Basutoland convey the rugged charm of that mountainous country, which is a native territory under the administration of the British Government; a territory, moreover, with an absorbing history dating from the period of the famous Basuto Chief Mosheesh. The young Zulu is typical of his fine race. In both pictures the natives' instinctive love of colour is reflected in the brightness of the blankets they wear. South Africa is essentially a land of travel interests, and these studies by one of the country's own artists truly reflect its colourful attraction.



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF YORK.

FROM THE PICTURE BY PHILIP A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O., R.B.A., R.S.P.P.

This charming painting was shown at the Loan Exhibition of Portraits by Philip A. de Laszlo, held at Knoedler's Galleries, in Old Bond Street, earlier in the year, in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. At that time, we reproduced it in photogravure.

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The Most Comprehensive View of British Art:

THE GREAT EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.—FIRST SERIES.



"WILLIAM PITT."—BY GEORGE ROMNEY (1734—1802).
Lent by the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres.



"SIR H. D. P. MILDMAI."—BY GEORGE ROMNEY.
Lent by Lord Mildmay of Flele.



"MISS B. RAMUS."—BY GEORGE ROMNEY.
Lent by Viscount Hambleden.



"VISCOUNT WELLESLEY."—BY GEORGE ROMNEY.
Lent by Eton College.

The Winter Exhibition of British Art at Burlington House, which, as mentioned on our front page, opens on January 6, will be a worthy successor to the foreign art exhibitions—Dutch and Flemish, Italian, Persian, and French—which the Royal Academy has held during recent years. We illustrate on this page some of the Romneys that will be shown. The utmost disagreement exists among critics as to Romney's position as a painter of portraits, but general opinion gives him a most

eminent place in British art: to this view E. Bénézit's "Dictionnaire des Peintres, Sculpteurs, Dessinateurs et Graveurs" subscribes with the words: "Romney n'est pas seulement un grand peintre anglais: c'est un grand peintre." Yet of two books on English painting reviewed elsewhere in this issue, one, by Mr. John Rothenstein, calls Romney a "greatly overrated painter," and the other, by Mr. R. H. Wilenski, is considerably less flattering.



"VICE-ADMIRAL WM. LUKIN AND BROTHERS."—BY WILLIAM REDMORE BIGG (1755-1828).
Lent by R. W. Ketton-Cremer, Esq.



"MUSIC PARTY ON THE THAMES."—BY JOHANN ZOFFANY (1733-1810).
Lent by Miss O. Lloyd Baker.



"PORTRAIT GROUP IN A LANDSCAPE."—BY FRANCIS HAYMAN (1708-1776).
Lent by Mrs. D. FitzGerald.



"THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HORSEBACK."—BY GEORGE STUBBS (1724-1806).
Lent by H.M. the King.



"DR. AYS COUGH AND THE TWO PRINCES."—BY RICHARD WILSON (1714-1782).
Lent by Sir George Leon, Bt.



"MAN AND WOMAN WALKING IN A LANDSCAPE."—BY JOHN DOWNMAN (D. 1824).
Lent by J. A. F. de Rothschild, Esq.



"VILLAGE POLITICIANS."—BY SIR DAVID WILKIE (1785—1841).
Lent by the Earl of Mansfield.



"HOLLAND HOUSE LIBRARY."—BY CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE (1794—1859).
Lent by Earl Grey.



"GEORGE, 1ST LORD LYTTLETON OF FRANKLEY, LADY RACHEL LYTTLETON AND HER HUSBAND, LT.-GEN. SIR RICHARD LYTTLETON, K.B., A YOUNGER BROTHER OF LORD LYTTLETON."—BY ARTHUR DEVIS (1711—1787).—*Lent by Basil Wood Bourne, Esq.*



"CHILDREN."—BY THE REV. MATTHEW WILLIAM PETERS (1742—1814).
Lent by the Royal Academy.



"A SCENE FROM 'DAVID SIMPLE.'"—BY HENRY SINGLETON (1766—1839).
Lent by E. C. Beechman, Esq.



"PEG WOFFINGTON."—ANONYMOUS (EIGHTEENTH CENTURY).
Lent by Lord Bearsted.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH was born at Sudbury in Suffolk in 1727. He lived for long at Bath, painting landscapes and the fashionables of the day. He was himself a man of singular charm of character. None has failed to recognise his genius. Mr. John Rothenstein, whose new book, "An Introduction to English Painting," is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, says of him: "At his best he stands alone among the English for the exquisite refinement of his vision and the dexterity of his handling of the brush, which he acquired from his lifelong study of Van Dyck, his chosen master."



"ROBERT ANDREWS AND HIS WIFE."—BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727—1788).
Lent by G. W. Andrews, Esq.



"CAPTAIN WADE."—BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.
Lent by Baroness Burton.



"THE COUNTESS OF SEFTON."—BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.
Lent by the Earl of Sefton.



"MADAME BACCELLI."—BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.
Lent by Lady Cunliffe-Lister.



"THE TENTH VISCOUNT KILMOREY."—BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.
Lent by the Earl of Kilmorey.



"SELF PORTRAIT."—BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.
Lent by the Royal Academy.



"PAUL COBB METHUEN."—BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.
Lent by Lord Methuen.
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"SELF PORTRAIT."—BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.
Lent by the Royal Academy.

THE art of John Hoppner, who was of German extraction and a reputed son of George III., was widely appreciated during the artist's lifetime, when his works were much admired for the brilliancy and harmony of their colouring. He enjoyed throughout the patronage of the most fashionable and wealthy sitters, and for many years was the greatest rival of Lawrence. The Prince of Wales especially favoured him, and many of his finest portraits are in the State Apartments at St. James's Palace.



"VICE-ADMIRAL SIR SAMUEL HOOD."—BY JOHN HOPPNER (1758—1810).
Lent by the Hon. Lady Hood.



"LADY KENYON."—BY JOHN HOPPNER.
Lent by the Kenyon Trustees.



"MRS. JORDAN."—BY JOHN HOPPNER.
Lent by Lady Stern.



"MRS. WILLIAMS."—BY JOHN HOPPNER.
Lent by O. S. Ashcroft, Esq.



"HEAD OF EMILY, COUNTESS OF GLENGALL, IN THREE POSITIONS."—BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE (1769—1830).
Lent by Earl Stanhope.



"LORD BATHURST."—BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.
Lent by H.M. the King.



"CHARLES BARWELL."—BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.
Lent by Anthony de Rothschild, Esq.



"MRS. ELIZABETH RIDGE."—BY GEORGE MORLAND (1763—1804).
Lent by Sir L. Faudel-Phillips.



"SIR BOURCHIER WRAY."—BY GEORGE KNAPTON (1698—1778).
Lent by the Dilettanti Society.



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S NEPHEW."—BY WILLIAM DYCE (1806—1864).
Lent by the Aberdeen Art Gallery.



"LADY FORD."—BY RAMSAY RICHARD REINAGLE (1775—1862).
Lent by Captain Richard Ford.



"PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER."—BY RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON (1801—1828).
Lent by the Nottingham Art Gallery.



"YOUNG MAN READING."—BY JOHN OPIE (1761—1807).
Lent by Major J. S. Courtauld.
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"THE PRETTY MAID BUYING A LOVE SONG."—BY HENRY WALTON (c. 1720—c. 1790)
Lent by Lord Mildmay of Flete.



"MARRIED LIFE."—BY FRANCIS WHEATLEY (1747—1801).
Lent by Lord Bearsted.



"A HAPPY FAMILY."—BY GEORGE MORLAND (1763—1804).
Lent by Mrs. Yerburch.



"THE LOST KITE."—BY GEORGE MORLAND.
Lent by Mrs. Yerburch.

George Morland, two of whose pictures are reproduced on this page, was a highly gifted and extremely prolific artist, specialising in genre and landscape. Working desperately to pay off his debts, he is supposed to have painted nearly eight hundred pictures and made over a thousand drawings during the last eight years of his

life. His work at its best shows exceptional talent in design and an admirable sense of colour. Francis Wheatley is known best as a portrait painter and as the author of the series of twelve pictures called "The Cries of London." He worked for a few years in Dublin, where he painted some of his most important pictures.



"MR. AND MRS. BROWN."—BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727—1788).
Lent by the Rt. Hon. Sir Philip Sassoon, Bt.



"DUKE OF ROXBURGH AND OTHERS (CARICATURE GROUP)."—
BY THOMAS PATCH (D. 1782).
Lent by Mary, Countess of Ilchester.



"HIGH LIFE."—BY WILLIAM HOGARTH (1697—1764).
Lent by the Earl of Iveagh.



"SALTONSTALL FAMILY."—BY GEORGE STUBBS (1724—1806).
Lent by J. A. E. de Rothschild, Esq.



"THE CHOLMONDELEY FAMILY."—BY WILLIAM HOGARTH.
Lent by the Marquess of Cholmondeley.



"COL. POCKLINGTON."—BY GEORGE STUBBS.
Lent by Mrs. C. S. Carstairs.

Of the six pictures reproduced on this page, two are by William Hogarth, a painter who holds a unique position in English art. Unlike many of the portrait painters of his day, he was not concerned to make stylish, flattering likenesses of his sitters, but had aims which were more fundamentally æsthetic. He was, too, a humourist and a satirist on canvas, and, with a deep hatred of all cruelty and cant, mercilessly exposed the folly and wickedness of his times. It is this fact, that his pictures often have such a wealth of meaning outside their purely artistic qualities, to which is due the belittling of those qualities in Hogarth's work, common among

his contemporaries and even in our own day. As a fact, considered as a painter only, he was magnificent—harmonious in his colouring and wonderfully dexterous and direct in his handling and in his composition. Mr. John Rothenstein, in his "Introduction to English Painting," calls him a "belated primitive," and says: "Of the half-dozen major painters to which this country has given birth, Hogarth was perhaps the most profoundly, the most aggressively English. . . . His ambition was to add new qualities to the art of painting, and this he achieved." George Stubbs ranks among the greatest animal painters of the world.



"LADY CATHERINE PELHAM-CLINTON."—BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723—1792).
Lent by the Earl of Radnor.



"OMAI."—BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.
Lent by the Hon. Sir Evan Charteris, K.C.



"WILLIAM FERGUSSON OF KILRIE."—BY SIR HENRY RAEURN (1756—1823).
Lent by Lord Novar.



"ISABELLA HALL."—BY SIR HENRY RAEURN.
Lent by Sofia, Lady Hall.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, the most prominent figure in the English school of painting, and hailed by acclamation as first President of the Royal Academy when it was founded in 1768, was a portrait painter of genius. He was also an exceedingly successful man, and retained the highest reputation until his death. His influence on English painting was no less marked than that of Hogarth himself. Sir Henry Raeburn spent his life in Edinburgh, rarely visiting London, and then only for brief

periods, and so preserved his own sturdy individuality. He was one of the few portrait painters of the time who were able to stand out against the influence of Reynolds. Many of his finest works are in the National Gallery of Scotland, where they are apt to come as a revelation to those who only know Raeburn through the examples to be found in England. He was at his best with his male portraits, which are conspicuous especially for their incisive delineation of character.



"MRS. HARVEY."—BY THOMAS HUDSON (1701-1779).
Lent by P. Haldin, Esq.



"EARL OF SANDWICH IN ETON MONTEM COSTUME."—
BY RICHARD LIVESAY (D. 1823).
Lent by the Earl of Sandwich.



"LADY HALL."—BY ALLAN RAMSAY (1713-1784).
Lent by Sofia, Lady Hall.



"ANNE VAVASOUR."—ANONYMOUS (SIXTEENTH
CENTURY).
Lent by Francis Howard, Esq.



"SIR CHARLES LUCAS."—BY WILLIAM DOBSON (1610-1646).
Lent by Lord Melhuem.



"CAPTAIN THOMAS LEE."—ANONYMOUS (SIXTEENTH
CENTURY).
Lent by Francis Howard, Esq.



"GENERAL MASSEY."—BY WILLIAM DOBSON (1610-1646).
Lent by Sir L. Brassey, Bt.



"SIR EDWARD HOBY."—ANONYMOUS (SIXTEENTH
CENTURY).
Lent by Lady Vansittart-Neale.



"THE COUNTESS OF MAR."—BY SIR GODFREY
KNELLER (1646-1723).
Lent by the Earl of Mar and Kellie.

TWO of these portraits, those of Anne Vavasour and Captain Thomas Lee, were reproduced in our issue of May 13 last as forming part of the Dillon Collection, which was sold at that time. The bare legs of the Elizabethan captain will be noted.

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BRITISH ART.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"AN INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH PAINTING," by JOHN ROTHENSTEIN; and "ENGLISH PAINTING," By R. H. WILENSKI.*

ON Jan. 6, 1934, there will be opened at the Royal Academy an Exhibition of British Art which should be of great interest to the public. We are too prone, in this country, to an inferiority complex about our own art, and most of us have devoted too little attention to its historical development. A really representative selection, generously assisted by private lenders—since a great many interesting examples of different periods are contained in private collections—will be most timely, and should receive as wide encouragement as similar exhibitions of foreign art, which, in the last few years, have had great success.

Visitors to the Exhibition will be materially assisted by a preliminary study of the two volumes now under consideration. They are of different kinds, but each is illuminating in its own way, and each contains many stimulating suggestions and reflections, not only on English art, but on pictorial art in general. Neither book purports to be an exhaustive history of English painting. Mr. Rothenstein's volume is of modest proportions, and describes itself as an "Introduction." In small compass, however, it concentrates a remarkable degree of information and judgment. Mr. Wilenski, though adopting a roughly chronological scheme (like Mr. Rothenstein), uses the general title, "English Painting," and presents a series of impressions rather than a historical conspectus—though in the actual biography of painters the more ample scope of his volume permits of fuller information than Mr. Rothenstein's. Both writers take the Pre-Raphaelite movement as a convenient terminus, adding a few observations on tendencies thereafter. Mr. Rothenstein merely hints, in his last pages, at tendencies of the present and the future, seen in the light of the past; whereas Mr. Wilenski's approach, as he tells us in his introduction, is to "assess the past by the present." For this reason he includes among his plates a number of examples of recent art. These, while interesting in themselves, hardly serve the intended purpose in the absence of adequate critical commentary; nor do we understand why it is necessary

Blake even went so far as to repudiate all portraiture as artistically worthless, and his contemptuous opinion of Reynolds, as a man "Hired to Depress Art," is well known. To Blake, all painting was, *ex hypothesi*, "a spirit and a vision," necessarily transcending material form. "He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments and in stronger and better light than his perishing and mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all." "Natural objects always did and do deaden imagination in me." "A spirit and a vision are not, as the modern philosopher supposes, a cloudy vapour or a nothing; they are organised

prophesying that he will exercise an increasing influence on the art of the future. Mr. Rothenstein is hardly less enthusiastic: "Blake is of the race of the great masters: in imaginative power and sublime grandeur of design he is El Greco's brother."

Any lesser measure of original genius than the vision splendid Mr. Wilenski is inclined to treat severely—too severely, as it seems to us; for men may add substantially to the sum of beauty without possessing the highest degree of transcendental imagination. Since pictorial art is peculiarly susceptible to the dangers of commercialism—

though it is not to be supposed that because a man paints successfully for money he is necessarily a soulless hireling—nobody can quarrel with Mr. Wilenski's condemnation of mass-producers like Kneller, Lawrence, and the many others of the same kind from whom English art has repeatedly suffered; but Mr. Wilenski is harsh in his readiness to dismiss painters of less than the first flight to the limbo of what he calls "addle-pated derivative artists." In Reynolds he sees a man whose effort to be derivative (and presumably addle-pated?) was happily defeated by an obstinate originality proof against all attempts to suppress it; but he is very scathing about Reynolds's worldliness and sycophancy. And yet was there not in all Reynolds's apparent snobbishness an element to which Mr. Rothenstein more justly calls attention? "Reynolds was a great artist, but the fact that, in a society dominated by the nobility, he was also a great gentleman, and in one in which scholarship was honoured, a great scholar, enabled him vastly to raise the prestige of the arts."

Again, Constable, in Mr. Wilenski's view, "has nothing to offer to the student of to-day—except the warning furnished by his elaborated pictures." Mr.

Rothenstein, on the other hand, holds that Constable, by first seeing nature as a series not of objects but of forms, "made a discovery which radically modified the vision of the century"—a "seed" of which it is surely insufficient to say, as Mr. Wilenski does, that the harvest was entirely exhausted by French Romantic and Impressionist painting. In Alfred Stevens Mr. Rothenstein finds an artist of remarkable gifts, not even yet fully appreciated: Mr. Wilenski has only a brief, incidental, and contemptuous reference to him. Holbein, to Mr. Wilenski, is among the "derivatives," and is of no lasting significance; but to Mr. Rothenstein the portraits of the last six years of Holbein's life form "one of the finest series of portraits ever painted." Even to the "depressers" of art, Mr. Rothenstein rightly allows such credit as is due to them—it is worth recording, for

example, against all Kneller's sins, that he did at least found the first real drawing-school in London, "in which the chief English artists of the eighteenth century were trained"; and it is fair to concede that Zoffany, for whom Mr. Wilenski has nothing but scorn, "painted with rare grace and fluency, and in sense of drama and power of characterisation, he sometimes approaches Hogarth himself."

Mr. Rothenstein's account of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood is very discerning, and he is judicious in his appraisal of this group of artists who, considered out of their setting, are particularly obnoxious to modern taste. Nothing is more instructive in the history of English art, and of art "movements" in general, than the paradox of the Pre-Raphaelites—

namely, that in their revolt against triviality of subject, they over-emphasised subject at the expense of pure form, and thus became just as much anathema to their successors as their predecessors had been to them. Throughout these two valuable and opportune volumes we see this process of action and reaction perpetually at work; and perhaps it will always continue to be at work, providing bewilderment, but also stimulus, for the lover of pictures.

C. K. A.



THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART: "STRAFFORD FAMILY."—BY GAWEN HAMILTON.

Lent by Sir H. Hughes-Stanton, R.A.

and minutely articulated beyond all that mortal and perishing nature can produce." It is very easy for the so-called "imaginative" artist or writer to achieve only "a cloudy vapour or a nothing." Edward Burne-Jones declared: "I mean by a picture a beautiful romantic dream of something that never was, never will be." Both Mr. Wilenski and Mr. Rothenstein call attention to the fact that Burne-Jones's "beautiful romantic dreams" were very different from Blake's "spirit and vision," and that the impulse behind them was really only an "escape from life," instead of being an upstretching to the "life more abundant."

Blake's principle was stated in an extreme, mystical form, but it enshrines a truth which has commended itself more to the modern view of art; and in both the books before us it will be observed that it is for "spirit and vision" that the critics are searching as the mark of true greatness. Both find it pre-eminently in three men—Hogarth, Turner, and Blake himself. Mr. Wilenski summarises Hogarth's chief contribution as his protest against cruelty (an ethical or social quality which we should have thought irrelevant) and his development of caricature-comment. Much, however, which has preceded this compendious estimate in Mr. Wilenski's account of Hogarth would concur with Mr. Rothenstein's larger claim: "Suddenly and unheralded there appeared upon the scene dominated by the pupils and imitators of the bored and unscrupulous Sir Godfrey Kneller, one who proceeded, with enormous gusto, to thrust upon English art the very qualities of which it stood in such dire need. . . . In short, Hogarth was a belated primitive; but he was akin, not to a belated naïve such as the douanier Rousseau, but to the fathers of schools, to the Giotto and the Van Eycks. . . . With Hogarth art became, not a plutocratic luxury, but the necessary utterance of a nation."

Of the stature of Turner, neither writer entertains any doubt—though doubts have not been infrequent among some recent critics. "Like Rembrandt," says Mr. Rothenstein, "Turner had the universality by which the supreme artist is distinguished." The same elusive attribute of genius Mr. Wilenski describes in these terms: "The whole universe in space and all history in time were Turner's oyster. There were no limits to the enlargements of experience that he desired"—though the qualification is added that, when seeking an "architecture" to organise his experience, he "floundered"—"making as he floundered a titanic gesture that was great and inspiring though chaotic and almost without form."

The third great original genius of English art, Blake, Mr. Wilenski appears to place in the highest rank of all,



THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART: "SIR WALTER SCOTT, BT."—BY SIR J. W. GORDON (1790-1864).

Lent by Sir George Agnew, Bt.

either to judge the past by the present or the present by the past. We should have thought that true judgment could be formed only by viewing both the past and the present in one historical perspective.

Of the two critics, Mr. Wilenski is far the more "tendencious" and provocative; Mr. Rothenstein the more objective; yet the reader will find, side by side with many differences in detail, substantial agreement in essentials. Mr. Rothenstein ventures a bold, but suggestive, generalisation when he writes: "The history of European painting subsequent to the sixteenth century may be stated as an almost continuous movement away from the earlier manner of seeing, clearly, in terms of a single distance, towards a more generalised vision of the world." This "more generalised vision of the world" implies a great deal more than that sensitiveness to space and atmosphere, and to the emotional qualities of form and "rhythm," of which we hear so much in modern theories; it means a continuous expansion of subjective imagination and "vision," in the sense in which Blake used that term. Blake raised the issue nakedly against mere imitative reproduction and technical dexterity, which at so many periods and in so many directions have afflicted English art (though often through the disservices of foreign-born practitioners).

* "An Introduction to English Painting." By John Rothenstein. Illustrated. (Cassell; 10s. 6d. net.)

"English Painting." By R. H. Wilenski. Illustrated. (Faber and Faber; 30s. net.)



THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: "HEAD OF A GIRL."—BY THOMAS BARKER OF BATH (1769-1847).

Lent by A. G. B. Russell, Esq.

PHILATELY AND COMMERCE: TRADE AND INDUSTRY IN POSTAGE STAMPS.

STAMPS COURTEOUSLY LENT BY MESSRS. STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD., 391, STRAND.



1. Canada, 1930; harvesting with modern machinery. 2. Colombia, 1932; emerald mines. 3. Egypt, 1927; cotton plant. 4. Colombia, 1932; petroleum wells. 5. Cuba, 1928; tobacco plantation. 6. Liberia, 1909; pepper plant. 7. Mongolia, 1932; printing plant. 8. Newfoundland, 1932; loading iron ore. 9. Newfoundland, 1932; fishing industry. 10. Canada, 1932; Ottawa Conference stamps. 11. Holland, 1931; stained window trade. 12. Saar, 1927; Burbach steelworks. 13. Ecuador, 1930; exporting fruit. 14. Newfoundland, 1897; salmon fishing. 15. Liechtenstein, 1930; grapes. 16. Saar, 1930; Grubenschacht colliery. 17. Russia, 1929; "More metal, more machines!" 18. Mozambique Company, 1918; ivory. 19. North Mongolia, 1927; sheep. 20. Mozambique Company, 1931; gold-mining. 21. Holland, 1932; tourist propaganda and tulip trade. 22. Russia, 1931; airship construction. 23. Colombia, 1932; coffee

plant. 24. Mongolia, 1932; sheep-shearing. 25. Colombia, 1932; cattle. 26. Mongolia, 1932; machinist. 27. Great Lebanon, 1930; silk industry, represented by silk-worm, larva, cocoon and moth. 28. Costa Rica, 1923; bananas. 29. Mozambique Company, 1925; tea. 30. Mozambique Company, 1918; maize. 31. Italian Somaliland, 1932; ostrich, representing feather trade. 32. Guadeloupe, 1928; sugar mill. 33. Saar, 1922; coal-miner at work. 34. South Africa, 1926; orange tree. 35. Argentina, 1932; refrigerating machine for meat export. 36. British Guiana, 1931; ploughing a rice-field. 37. Turks and Caicos Islands, 1900; salt-raking. 38. Falkland Islands, 1929; whaling. 39. Newfoundland, 1932; cod-fish. 40. Newfoundland, 1897; logging. 41. Irish Free State, 1930; Shannon barrage. 42. Mozambique Co., 1918; copra. 43. Mozambique Co., 1925; rubber. 44. Panama, 1920; Balboa lock, Panama Canal. 45. Colombia, 1932; platinum mines.

We continue here our series of reproductions of postage stamps, and add to the already long and varied list of subjects a page illustrating trade and industry from the philatelist's point of view. The countries whose stamp issues are represented here are widely scattered over the world, about half of the total lying within the Tropics. The industries of the tropical countries, it will be noticed, are

predominantly agricultural, with a fair sprinkling of mines—emerald, oil, and gold—while the countries in temperate climates run more to industrialism. The machinery of modern industry appears in Newfoundland, Russia, and the Saar district (so much in the news of late), and even the comparatively backward Mongolia is represented by a printing works and a machine-tender.



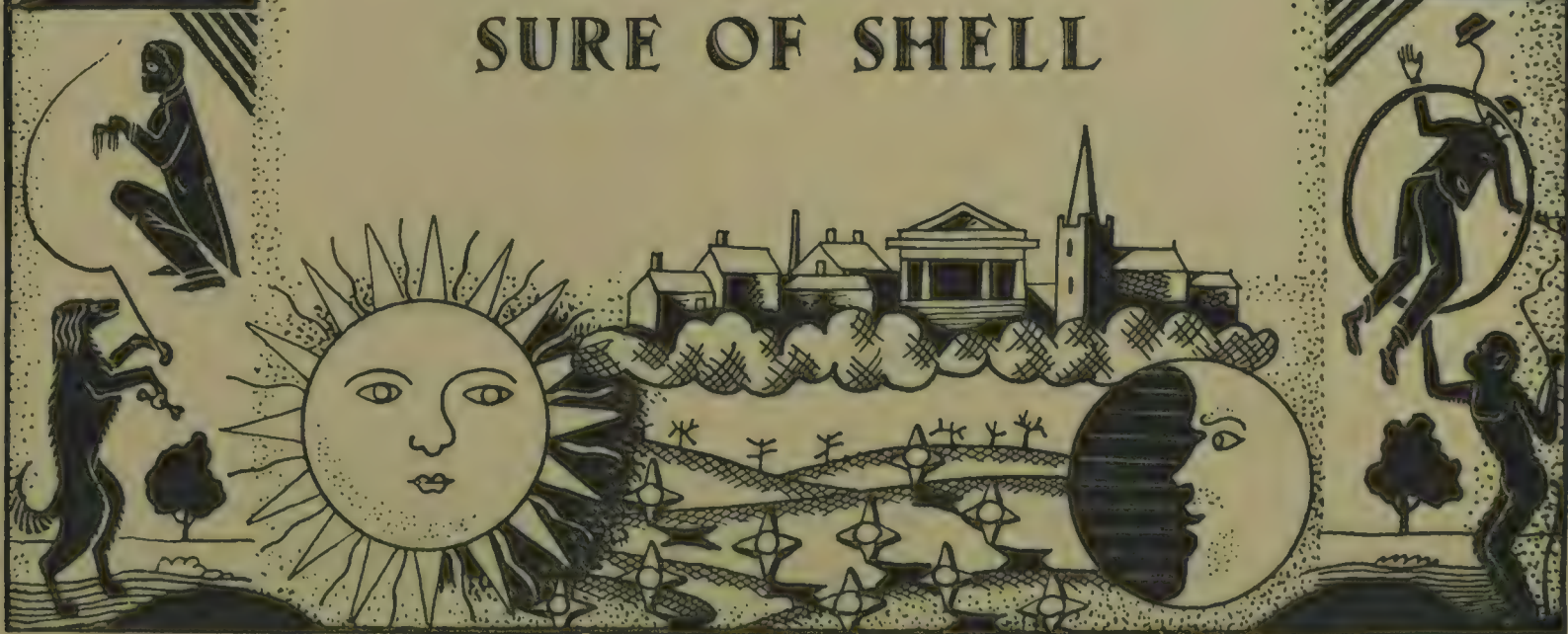
ASYDUTURVY

The Gods on Olympus, bored with Regularity
One day decided to upset the whole affair.
They did the thing most thoroughly, causing great hilarity,
they topsy-turvied everything: land, sea and air;
They filled the clouds with cabbages, grew comets on the
cottages
and pigs sold the farmers at Upsydaisy Fair

Donkeys rode to parliament, on Stewards of the
Jockey Club .
The Countess brought the cocktails when the
butler rang the bell.
Primo Carnera joined a woman's hockey Club
And D.O.R.A. ran the Dog & Duck, and ran it
very well.

But one thing stood unchangeable, with everything
contrarywise
—one thing certain was proof against the spell
the real infallibility . . . THE INDISPUTABILITY . . THE
IRREFRAGABILITY:

YOU CAN
BE
SURE OF SHELL





A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

LATE MARQUETRY—FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE arts may be prosperous enough beneath the sway of an absolute monarch, but they can hardly be said to thrive; for the individual artist needs freedom for his perfect self-expression, and, if all his efforts are to be directed to the glorification of one single person, they are liable to exhibit a certain degree of banality, or, at any rate, of a stiff and arid pompousness. Once the powerful personality which dominated his age and country is removed, painters and craftsmen can breathe a more agreeable air, and can look about them with more confidence. Comparative freedom won't make them great, but it gives them a chance of a greater liveliness; their inventive faculties are let out of prison. Something like this seems to have happened after the death of Louis XIV. Financially and politically, the French nation was moribund; artistically, it came to life once more. Two men of genius, Watteau and Chardin, led the whole world in painting: in the lesser field of the domestic arts, dozens of cabinet-makers produced luxurious and splendid pieces of furniture which were exactly fitted to the surroundings of a luxurious and outwardly splendid age. There was far too much money in far too few hands, and the fortunate people at the top of the pyramid seemed to have had no notion of how to behave towards their poorer neighbours; but, whatever their faults—which were destined in due course to be expiated at the Revolution—they had inherited from the previous century that quite indefinable thing, a sense of style, and this seems



1. MARQUETRY IN FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XV.: A SECRETAIRE OF SUPREME CRAFTSMANSHIP; DECORATED IN A STYLE THAT SUGGESTS CONSTANT GRACEFUL MOVEMENT.

This secretaire is stamped with the name of B. Durand. Together with the secretaire seen in Fig. 4, it figured in a sale held in Paris on December 14 and 15, by M. Etienne Ader.

and they complain that such richness, such ingenuity, is wasted. Yet the proportions are fine; the pattern, though in continuous movement, is exceedingly graceful. Fig. 4 provides a notable contrast. It is not less rich in its colour, but it illustrates exceedingly well the complete change in taste towards the closing years of the century. If Fig. 1 is to be dated c. 1750, Fig. 4 is about twenty-five years later. The proportions are very similar, but it represents a return to comparative simplicity. The general temper really was a little graver, a little less light-hearted; the Greek trophy in the upper panel may be pure Russian Ballet, but the general decorative scheme is downright enough, not to say aggressively severe. This bureau is static where its neighbour is dynamic. Fig. 1 is all vivacity; Fig. 4 almost solemn. The two styles are quite separate, and they branch out everywhere in Europe. The two other photographs are examples of how we interpreted these two points of view in England. Fig. 2 is particularly near the French tradition in detail; the ormolu mounts, for example, are presumably actual importations. The whole piece is beautifully made, and yet one feels at once that the pattern of the inlay could only have been designed and carried out in England;

indeed, the design is so similar to much of Chippendale's known style that it is by no means unlikely that it was one of his later experiments ten years or so after he had published his "Director." Fig. 3 illustrates no less eloquently than Fig. 4 the change in taste which occurred in about twenty years. In France it came almost imperceptibly; in London it is entirely bound up with the renown of Robert and James Adam, who, in their way, and for a brief period, were as much dictators over the domestic arts as any of our modern heads of States over the thoughts and behaviour of their obedient subjects.

This revival of marquetry in England in the eighteenth century was—as is evident from these illustrations alone—influenced mainly by Paris, and soon faded away when it was discovered—also by Adam, I suspect—that a painted panel was as effective as marquetry, allowed a greater variety of colour, and cost far less in time, money, and ingenuity. The



2. ENGLISH MARQUETRY EVIDENTLY INFLUENCED BY THE FRENCH STYLE SEEN IN FIG. 1: A COMMODOE OF ABOUT 1760, WITH ORMOLU MOUNTS THAT WERE PROBABLY IMPORTED FROM FRANCE.

Reproduction by Courtesy of Messrs. M. Harris and Sons.

taste for inlay had been practically dead for fifty years; we had had simple geometrical patterns in the sixteenth century, and then, with the restoration of Charles II., we fell in love with what was to us a completely new fashion, and began to decorate

furniture, first with panels of flowers in inlay, and then, by William III.'s time, with whole surfaces covered with "seaweed" or "endive" marquetry—a pattern which can be said to mark the height as well as the end of this technique. The taste for this elaborate and, in the eyes of most people, extremely agreeable use of wood seems to have changed with uncommon suddenness, for there are very few pieces which can reasonably be dated later than 1705. The revival of about 1760 was in the direction of the Charles II. type—the simple floral designs—but that soon changed to much more severe classical patterns, in which Greek vases dominated wide expanses of undecorated surface. Fig. 3 is perhaps a somewhat exaggerated example of this extreme severity, and is as good an illustration on a small scale of the enthusiasm for classical forms at the end of the eighteenth century as is the building of St. Pancras Church a few years later, or the large sales of Wedgwood urns and plaques. Both cabinet-makers and architects were quick to interpret the taste of the times—and it is not without point to note that a poet, John Keats, could raise this passion for the antique to a romantic and eloquent intensity.



3. LATER ENGLISH MARQUETRY INFLUENCED BY THE FRENCH STYLE SEEN IN FIG. 4: A COMMODOE OF ABOUT 1780, HAVING MUCH ABOUT IT THAT IS REMINISCENT OF THE WORK OF ADAM.

Reproduction by Courtesy of Messrs. M. Harris and Sons.

never to have deserted them at their most extravagant. The late seventeenth century in France was no doubt responsible for the political cataclysm of a hundred years later, because it was beyond the wit of man to unravel the meshes then woven without proceeding to violent means; but out of the seventeenth century's rather heavy taste in decoration evolved a series of marvellous formulæ which can still compel our admiration. Our sober English tradition, nurtured often



4. MARQUETRY IN FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XVI.: A SECRETAIRE, DECORATED WITH INLAID PANELS, IN A STYLE THAT IS ALTOGETHER SIMPLER AND LESS DYNAMIC THAN THAT OF FIG. 1; AND STAMPED WITH THE NAME OF L. BOUDIN.

The wine of our country **BEER**



P and down the world, wherever you go, you will find that proverbial wisdom prescribes the wine of the country as the best drink of all. And what could be more logical than to assume that men will thrive best upon the fruits of the self-same land that bore them?

Here in Britain our native wine is beer, brewed from the finest barley-malt, with hops, sugar, and yeast. This, as befits our climate, is a mild, luxurious, and heartening beverage; as apt to restore the body that a bleak north-easter scourges as to quench the parching thirst of



summer—as grateful in the sunshine of June as in December’s firelight.

When next you drink a glass of beer, give a thought to the elements that went to the brewing of its amber contents. Barley-malt for digestion, hops for appetite, sugar for energy, yeast for vitality. What could there be more wholesome? What more indeed could the body or the heart of man desire? Rejoice then in the good liquor that our honest forefathers did use to drink of—the wine of our country—beer!



NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

MONTE CARLO—FOR SPORT & WINTER SUNSHINE.

FLOWERS, gardens, and sunshine—that is the note which Monte Carlo strikes, in the depths of winter, to gladden the hearts alike of those in this



MONTE CARLO: THE SPLENDID CASINO (CENTRE; WITH TOWERS) SEEN FROM THE SEA; AND SOME OF THE LUXURIOUS HOTELS—A VIEW INDICATING THE HIGHLY SHELTERED SITUATION, WITH MOUNTAINS CUTTING OFF THE NORTHERN WINDS.

country who have the opportunity of escaping, for a while, from the fog and gloom and raw cold of our English winter to visit this beautiful resort on the Riviera, and of those who hope to be able to do so.

The charm of Monte Carlo is that it has such infinite resource, so many attractions to offer one. Its natural beauty is so great and its winter climate so excellent that those who wish only for a restful time

by the sea, in the sunshine, find the place ideal for their purpose. Others, desirous of sport, find facilities in Monte Carlo for almost every form of it in which one can indulge in the winter time. In tennis, there can scarcely be any courts in the world in so fine a situation as those of the Festa Country Club. There are no less than twenty-two of them, overlooking the beautiful "Baie de Vielle," rising tier above tier from the sea, and intersected by pathways and pergolas clad with roses. Accommodation for spectators is spacious and exceedingly comfortable, and there is a commodious club-house in which admirable provision is made for players and for dispensing hospitality to members and their friends. Many of the most famous tennis players have figured

here, and during the season you will see some important championships decided and the best of tennis. As for golf, the eighteen-hole course of the Monte Carlo Golf Club, situated at Mont Agel amidst the wonderful scenery of the Alps, 2700 ft. above the sea, will give you a good game, and it is open to day visitors, accessible by a regular service of luxurious motor-coaches from Monte Carlo; and at the Golf Club Restaurant you will get a meal which will please you.



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BY THE BEACH OF MONTE CARLO: A STRETCH OF THE FINE PALM-SHADED ROAD.

So much for the day. At night you have the Casino—the most famous one in the world, where you will see an assemblage of people, the smartest and most cosmopolitan, engage in the play at the tables, where many fortunes have been won, if such interests you; or watch the fascinating scene around you. Or you may listen to music played by one of the finest of the world's orchestras, and to opera, in a magnificent hall which has witnessed the creation of many operatic productions; and you can see Russian Ballet or plays, or witness a performance at the cinema. All tastes are catered for, and that which is offered is the best

of its kind, and it is this which enables Monte Carlo to rank as one of the leading centres of amusement in the world.

There is much else to render a stay in Monte Carlo thoroughly enjoyable—flower festivals in the day and gala nights, and the general air of gaiety and vivacity. You have a wide range of luxurious hotels at moderate prices from which to make a selection, and, whichever that may be, it is likely to give you satisfaction, for the hôteliers of Monte Carlo make a point of living up to its world-wide reputation in this respect.

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By FRED. J. MELVILLE.

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MAJOR STANTON, Dawlish, Devon

BASUTOLAND invites us to open up a new page in
our stamp albums this month, for this territory has
not hitherto had its own postage stamps. There are ten
stamps, of values from 1d. to 10s., all in one design, engraved
and printed by the Waterlows. The King's head figures
in the upper part of the picture, and it is common knowledge that the
Basutos, a very loyal race, have
never favoured the Union of South
Africa pictorial stamps, on account
of the absence of the royal portrait.
The scene in the lower part shows
the Orange River and the Maluti
Mountains. A philatelist in Basuto-
land tells me that there are no
crocodiles in the country, and that
the one in the picture represents the
national crest; it is the badge of
the royal tribe of Bakorna, and is
probably a relic of the days when
the Bakorna were living on the Limpopo River.



BASUTOLAND: ONE
OF THE FIRST STAMPS.

The usual Christmas charity issue from Belgium consists of seven values in a graceful design embodying the Lorraine Cross, the symbol of the campaign against tuberculosis. The face value of the series amounts to 15.30 francs, and of the highest value, 5.5 francs, only 50,000 have been printed.

The German stamps for the Christmas season will have a very wide appeal, as the nine values bear a series of designs by Professor Alois Kolb illustrating the Wagner operas. The theme has been chosen on account of the recent fiftieth anniversary of the composer's death. The values and subjects are 3 pfennig brown, Tannhäuser; 4 pf. blue, the Flying Dutchman; 5 pf. emerald, Rhinegold; 6 pf. myrtle, the Mastersinger; 8 pf. vermilion, the Valkyries; 12 pf. carmine, Siegfried; 20 pf. light blue, Tristan und Isolde; 25 pf. vermilion, Lohengrin; and 40 pf. magenta, Parsifal.



GERMANY: SIEGFRIED SLAYS
FÄHNER; WAGNERIAN SERIES.

"Offentlig sag" (public business) and the numerals of denomination.

Paraguay has come into line with other South American countries in issuing a "Flag of the Race" series. It is a locally produced set in chromo-lithography, showing three of Columbus's ships and the flag-post planted on the spot where Paraguay is shown on a geographical globe. Such ships never could have sailed the seas, but the general effect of the design and colours is superior to any recent local productions from this country.

Poland has issued a 30 groszy red stamp to mark the fifteenth anniversary of the independence proclaimed in November 1918. The design shows the Polish Cross of Independence.

The Swiss "Pro Juventute" stamps are always popular, and the country was the first to make a regular small issue of stamps each year, in December, for use in the Christmas mails, and to raise funds for child welfare. There are four values this year. The first three bear pleasant pictures of girls of Vaud (5 c.), Berne (10 c.), and Tessin (20 c.), representing French, German, and Italian sections respectively. On the highest denomination, 30 centimes, is a portrait of one Father Gregoire Girard (1765-1850), a friend and co-worker with Pestalozzi in the education of the young.



POLAND: THE CROSS
OF INDEPENDENCE.

stamps in two designs. One of these represents a sun rising over the sea, with the figures "10" in the centre.

The other and more interesting design also shows a rising sun, with the Roman figure "X", with the profile of Mustapha Kemal Pasha at the right, and a glimpse of the new Angora at the left.



TURKEY: TO MARK TEN YEARS
AS A REPUBLIC.



BELGIUM: A CHRIST-
MAS CHARITY STAMP.

From Norway there comes a new set of official stamps for use on Government mails, in a design of simple character. On a transverse oblong of solid colour, a small representation of Norway's lion shield is all that denotes the country of origin. The only inscription is



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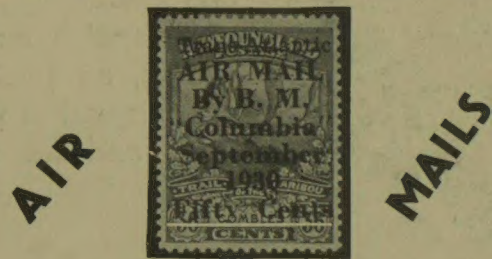
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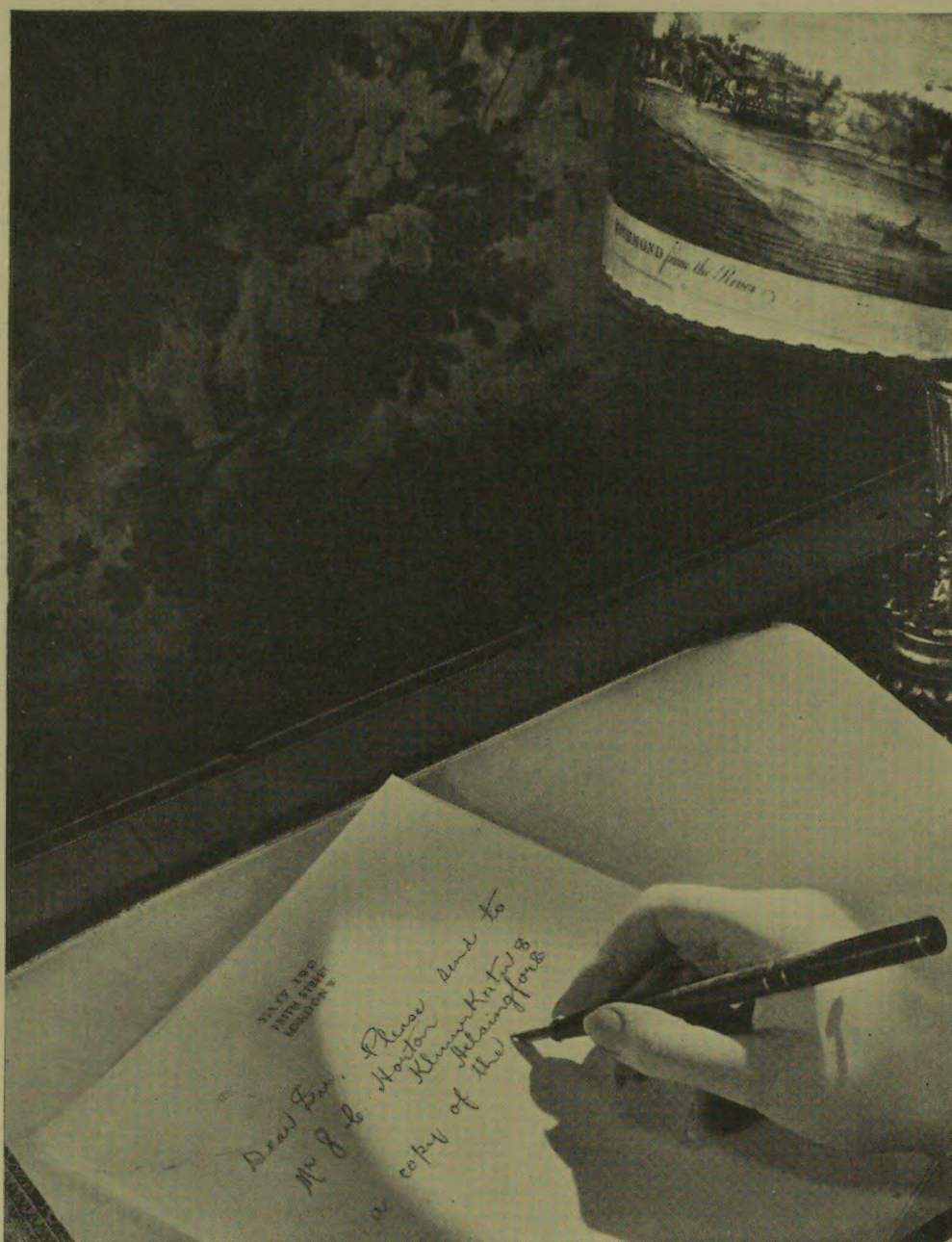
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